The Nation.

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The Week.

In appointing a committee to inquire into the President's statements regarding the use of the secret service men, the House has gone too far to retreat. There are intimations in Washington that an effort will be made to "hush up" the quarrel between the Executive and Congress. That is now impossible without reflecting seriously upon one or the other. If Congress fails to press the matter, everybody will say that it is filled with scoundrels whom the President frightened by threatening to expose. In the process of collecting materials of war, the President will doubtless go to the *Congressional Record* of May 1, 1908. Therein is the record of the debate in the House on the paragraph in the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill to which the President referred in his message. He said many unpleasant things about the intent and effect of the clause providing that the secret-service agents of the Treasury should be used "for no other purpose whatever" than the one expressed in the law. The President declared that this has "seriously hampered the government in the detection of crime." But the danger that this might happen was brought forward in the debate in the House, and was then and there disposed of. It was shown that the power of any Department to employ detectives was not in the least curtailed, and that, in particular, the Department of Justice had a specific and ample appropriation for that purpose. If the Attorney-General has been "hampered" in the running down of criminals, it has not been for lack of funds put at his disposal by Congress.

The saying of the President which has most rankled in the bosoms of Congressmen, and which seems to have been most unjustifiable, was that "the chief argument in favor of the provision was that the Congressmen did not themselves wish to be investigated by secret service men." Now, by this Mr. Roosevelt must have meant the argument by which Congressmen in their heart of hearts were most influenced; he was apparently thinking of a secret argument, or, at the most, what the logicians call an enthymeme—an argument only half expressed, the rest being kept in the mind. But it is exceedingly difficult to prove what another man is thinking of. Turning to the actual record of the debate on the bill in the House, we do, indeed, find one reference to the use of secret service agents to "shadow" Congressmen. The fact was first brought out that the Secretary of the Navy had employed detectives to find evidence that a certain naval officer had been guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman and an officer. Then occurred the following colloquy:

> Mr. Sherley—The gentleman may be aware of the fact that this Secret Service at one time was used for the purpose of looking into the personal conduct of a member of Congress, notwithstanding the gentleman seems to think that they are answerable to no one.
>
> Mr. Bennet of New York—The gentleman is not aware of anything of that kind. As far as the gentleman has investigated it has been denied.
>
> Mr. Sherley—But that was the fact.
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> Mr. Bennet of New York—The allegation was made, if the gentleman will permit, that the particular investigation was made not by a member of the Secret Service, but by a police officer of the city of Washington, who, when it was ascertained that he had done that, was summarily dismissed from the police force.

This would make it appear that the President's "chief argument" was advanced only to be repudiated and its basis of fact denied.

Far from clearing up the mystery of the Brownsville shooting, the President's message on that subject has made the confusion worse confounded. He has sent to Congress a report which he himself admits to be "incomplete," and to contain matter that is "worthless." It would have been better to wait until the investigation, which he says is to be pushed further, had been finished, and the results sifted and weighed. As it was, Senator Foraker was at once able to read letters throwing doubt upon the "confession" of one of the negro soldiers which the President had triumphantly produced. No one who has read with care all the evidence brought out before the Senate committee, can doubt that *some* of the negro soldiers may have got out of hand and taken part in the Brownsville shooting; but there never was positive proof in the case of a single individual. Whether the evidence now brought forward by the President is valid, is a fit subject for inquiry. It certainly was obtained under suspicious circumstances; corroboration is as yet lacking; and the particular soldier involved denies that he ever made the statements reported by the illiterate negro detective. We note with satisfaction, however, that Mr. Roosevelt is inclined to take a more reasonable view of the possible reinstatement of the negro soldiers, summarily discharged, innocent and guilty alike. He now favors a law putting back in the army any of the men who can show that they had nothing to do with the shooting, or any "guilty knowledge of it beforehand." It must be said that Mr. Roosevelt's reasoning in the whole matter is difficult to follow; he speaks of the facts as before "established beyond all possibility of doubt," and as now, by the new evidence, fixed with "tolerable definiteness." At one point, he betrays himself into the admission that "innocent" soldiers were discharged, but immediately adds that there were "hardly any innocent," but a few who were "less guilty"; yet only those who can prove themselves "innocent" may hope for reinstatement! Through all this, however, there runs a dawning sense that a great injustice has been committed, and that the President wishes it might be righted.

Mr. Roosevelt's message would not be characteristic of its author without much talk about army and navy. Not content with that, however, he has sent in an emergency message for the passage of a law regulating in advance the war-time organization of regulars, national guard, and volunteers. The plan, he says, will not cost us a dollar in peace-time, and will insure the creation automatically of war-time forces, organized with a view to profiting by past experiences and mistakes. Congress will probably find little chance for the discussion of this measure, or for the numerous other recommendations regarding the army and navy; indeed, to most of these Congress has hitherto wisely turned a deaf ear. There was that emergency message sent in by Mr. Roosevelt

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two years ago, in which he declared it of transcendent importance that he should be forthwith given power to dismiss navy officers without trial by court-martial if, in his opinion, they had misconducted themselves. But Congress calmly disregarded the message—and now that very pressing matter is apparently forgotten. Probably the only recommendation for the navy that will be seriously debated is that for four more battleships.

A report from the Secretary of War without recommendations for more men and more officers would be an anomaly. Secretary Wright, therefore, follows his predecessors in asking for 612 more officers to take the places of those on detached duty, and an increase in the Coast Artillery of 1,070 officers and 26,392 men. Mr. Roosevelt goes even farther. In the cavalry he wants an immediate reorganization and increase of presumably five or ten more regiments. Whatever may be the merits of that proposal, there is very little, if any, in the request for more officers, because of absenteeism. The more Congress yields in this matter, the greater will be absenteeism and the less effort by the War Department to check the evil. More satisfactory is the report that desertion is on the wane again, and that the skeleton companies of a year and a half ago are being recruited. Instead of being 19,673 short, as on October 15 last year, the number is only 9,422. Plainly, industrial depression has helped the army by driving to it the unemployed and stimulating reënlistments, while the increases in pay granted last year and the greater severity in the punishment of deserters have also contributed to the result. Altogether, no less than 152,141 men applied for enlistment, of whom 109,721, or 72 per cent., were rejected, because they were illiterate or were not citizens or were suffering from mental, moral, or physical defects. No less than 41,463 applicants were accepted, of whom 11,793 were men desirous of reënlisting —an unusually large number.

Mr. Taft does not crack the loud whip or fire dreadful preliminary broadsides at hypothetical opponents; but his quiet manner of "getting together" with people whose opinions are different, is none the less effective. The conference last week between the President-elect and the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee brings new assurance that in the lower house, at least, there shall be no comfort for the hardened "standpatter." "I have every reason to believe," said Mr. Taft, "that they [Mr. Cannon and the Republican floor leaders] are keenly alive to the obligation which is on them as Representatives elected to represent the Republican party, to prepare an honest and thorough revision of the present tariff." There are no hints of what will happen to Congressmen who persist in their sinister subserviency to criminal interests; but a manly declaration of purpose and firm intent to see to it that whatever can be done to impress upon Congress the necessity of giving ear to the insistent desire of the country, shall be done.

Both Mr. Taft and the President have recently suggested that a large bond issue might be the best way to bring about the comprehensive improvement of our waterways. Gov. Johnston of Minnesota seems to be of the same mind, as he has spoken of the $300,000,000, which the Lakes-to-Gulf canalization would cost, as a "mere bagatelle." Every one must see that these vast projects, if seriously taken up, cannot be paid for out of current revenues. One of the inevitable consequences of putting out a large amount of new United States bonds would, however, be the embarrassment of currency reform, since such an issue would enable advocates of bond-secured circulation to argue that the supply of government securities will never run out. Thus it might be more difficult to persuade the people to abandon a rigid and unscientific system of currency. All this, of course, is no argument against bonds for internal improvements, if they are deemed necessary; but currency reformers must prepare themselves to overcome this new obstacle.

What Congressman does not deplore the evils of patronage and piously wish that he might be delivered from all office-seekers? And yet, when asked to vote for civil service reform, he recites the tenuous old sophistries which Representative Hepburn of Iowa dressed up last week for the debate on census-bureau employees. Competitive examinations, Mr. Hepburn said, are not so effective as the spoils system; the government knows only about "scholastic attainments," "while under the old method the applicant's integrity and industry were vouched for by a member of Congress." If all Congressmen had expert knowledge about integrity, if they were not in the habit of measuring a voter's industry by his zeal in repairing his patron's political fences, the country would more readily entrust the choosing of sixty thousand census enumerators to Mr. Hepburn and his colleagues. As things stand, however, the defeat of the civil service amendment to the census bill by a vote of almost two to one means a victory for wire-pullers and small jobbers. The triumph, we hope, will be short-lived. The Senate and the President still have their say.

A farmer might say that the National Conservation Commission has not helped its cause by showing one-quarter of the whole country to be still timbered. One acre of trees to three of clearing does not seem to be a dangerous ratio. Senator Smoot's report, however, might have made clear that one of the most serious features is the unequal distribution of our forests. Waste there is, terrible fires there are, and also far too little planting; but if the trees still surviving were ideally situated, worry might be deferred for many years. What we find, however, is a few great clusters in mountains and in remote districts, and everywhere else barren stretches, or at best occasional tiny patches of woodland. The evils traceable to this arrangement are perhaps the strongest arguments in favor of immediate, thorough forest regulation by States and the Federal government. Lumbermen may repent and learn to care properly for their own acreage; but, as individuals, they cannot make trees grow where the rivers and the soil most need them.

The popular vote for President, as compiled in the New York *Times* of Sunday, is interesting mainly in its figures for the smaller parties. Whether the Republican vote or the Democratic showed a higher rate of increase since 1904 or 1896, matters little, in face of the fact that, with Bryan in the field, so many Democrats abandoned party lines. But the disappointment of the Socialists, the Prohibitionists, and

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the Independence Party are more interesting. The drift this year was away from the smaller parties. The Debs vote will be within two or three thousands of what it was four years ago, an increase of one-half of one per cent., instead of the 150 per cent. fondly predicted. The Prohibitionists suffered a loss of about 10 per cent., and the Independence Party polled throughout the entire country only some 82,000 votes. The Socialists profess to have found this grain of consolation: The Debs vote of 1904 was much swollen by radical Democrats who plumped for the Socialist ticket rather than vote for Parker; in Chicago the teamsters' strike had a decided effect on the Debs poll. In other words, there were in 1904 tens of thousands who voted for the Socialist ticket on temporary issues, and not because they were properly class-conscious. Hence, to have suffered no loss in the last election, that is, to have seized those thousands of weak brethren and turned them into true Socialists who would not desert even under the threat of increasing panic, was in itself a triumph. The argument has, however, its weak points. If the Socialist standstill this year meant that conquered ground had been held, though no new acquisitions were made, the explanation would suffice. But as a matter of fact, the Socialists this year managed to hold their own because their gains in new territory balanced their losses elsewhere. A loss of 35,000 Debs votes in Illinois shows that the Socialists have *not* turned the neophytes of 1904 into true believers. To make only the slightest gains in New York, Missouri, and New Jersey, to lose in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Wisconsin, and to make large gains in such fresh soil as Colorado, Florida, Idaho, and Oklahoma is proof that the Socialists are still subject to the fluctuations that mark the fortunes of other political parties.

On the eve of another sensational murder trial, a movement has been started in this city to induce the newspapers to omit "libidinous details of criminality." The appeal is made to the press on the ground of public decency, and with the aim of securing newspapers that may be taken into homes without dread of their containing "lewd or suggestive articles." It is good to know that serious-minded and influential men are giving thought to this matter. It is a plain question of public morals. We do not see, however, why discussion of it, and agitation about it, should be limited to times when revolting crimes are committed, or when the ends of justice require that disgusting testimony should be brought out in court. The need of fighting for decency in the press is as continuous as is the temptation to vulgarity, sensationalism, and pruriency. One thing in the letter on the subject, signed by well-known citizens, is of special weight. It is the intimation that "readers and advertisers" could secure a clean press if they truly wished it, and set about obtaining it with real determination. This is gospel truth. The most offensive and reckless of our newspapers could be compelled by their advertising patrons to reform or die. This is elementary to the whole debate.

France has just awakened to the fact that for a nation aspiring to the leadership in culture, she has a disagreeably large number of citizens who can neither read nor write. Among last year's recruits, there were no less than 10,000 illiterates; the same number has turned up this year. In addition, there are 5,000 young soldiers, who can read, but not write. Taking the annual military contingent at about 300,000 men, roughly, this would give France 5 per cent. as the ratio of illiteracy for her adult male population. For the nation at large, the ratio would, of course, be higher still, illiteracy being more widespread among women. In the German army, in 1904, the percentage of illiteracy was 1-25th of one per cent. The highest ratio, 3-20ths of one per cent., stood for agricultural and slow-moving East Prussia. Most of the smaller German states had clean scores. The French showing is received by the opponents of the government with a certain amount of malicious satisfaction, because the anti-clericals have been accustomed to boast of what they have done to disseminate secular education among the people. The French newspaper humorists suggest that many conscripts have pretended ignorance just to tease the government; but the Minister of Education has considered the situation serious enough to issue a circular calling upon his subordinates for an active campaign in town and country.

SECRETARY CORTELYOU'S WARNING.

The manner in which public expenditures have swollen in recent years, under the burden of competitive armaments, seems at last to have excited alarm among those charged with responsibility for the new burdens. The increase of the expenses of the German Empire, which is leading to the search for new forms of taxation, and the constantly heavier burden of public debt in France, which is causing rumors of another large loan, are fortunately not paralleled fully in this country because of the rapidity of our growth and the elasticity of our sources of revenue. It is a startling fact, however, which is set forth by Secretary Cortelyou in his annual report:

> If interest on the public debt is excluded, the growth in ordinary expenditures for carrying on the government, including payments for pensions and many public works, was from $135,000,000 in 1878 to $638,000,000 in 1908, or an increase in a generation of nearly 400 per cent.

This increase has happily not been attended in this country, as to a large extent in Great Britain and on the Continent, by increase in the permanent debt. The difference is explained partly by the fact that the population has increased in thirty years nearly 85 per cent., and the national wealth, according to the somewhat uncertain figures of the census, by about 185 per cent. Even with these qualifications, however, it is obvious that Federal expenditure has been growing at a rate which calls for serious consideration and for a careful sifting of the objects and methods. It is such a sifting which Mr. Cortelyou urges upon Congress. As he points out, there is at present no single authority responsible for coördinating the appropriations for each branch of the public service and adjusting outgo to income. Congress plunges blindly ahead, making such appropriations as seem good to various committees, without any sense of proportion between respective demands. Even the Speaker of the House and the Committee on Appropriations have no responsibility, beyond that of fellow-members, for reviewing the work of other committees charged with such important appropriation bills as those for the army, the navy, the Department of Agriculture, and the diplomatic service.

Even worse than this lack of coördina-

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tion is the log-rolling for local appropriations. It becomes a contest in which the member with the strongest "pull" or the greatest capacity for hustling is the winner. While there is much less direct corruption in the Federal service than in that of many of our cities, no one has any official obligation to point out that a sum of a million dollars, for instance, might be better expended for proper residences for our representatives in foreign countries than for ugly and unnecessary Federal buildings at county seats. Even if such a function is assumed by a broad-minded and far-sighted Secretary of State, his recommendation weighs little against the activity of a pool of individual members of Congress which will enable each to go home and tell what he has done for his "deestrict." Bad as the system is, it is matter for surprise, perhaps—and in some measure a tribute to the average of American honesty—that the results have not been infinitely worse than they have been.

The essential difficulty in securing coordination and proportion in expenditures is the absence under our government of a responsible ministry, or concentrated control of the budget. It is difficult to see how such a control can be established directly and completely by law. Much might be done, however, by a resolute attitude on the part of the Treasury Department. The Secretary of the Treasury, as Mr. Cortelyou points out, occupies a peculiar relation to Congress, and ought to be responsible, in a measure, for the total amount of the estimates and the sums actually appropriated and expended. He ought to be supported by the President in cutting down the estimates to the income of the government, unless extraordinary circumstances should demand a temporary or permanent increase of the debt. Secretary Cortelyou has taken up this subject none too early, and it is gratifying to learn that he proposes to make an analysis of income and expenditure, which will yield a clearer view of their relations to each other, and of their objects, than is afforded by the present clumsy form of Treasury statement.

Something might be accomplished, both in balancing the budget and in enforcing sense of responsibility upon Congress, if it were provided by law that whenever appropriations or expenditures exceed the reasonable estimates of revenue, short-term obligations should be issued to bridge the deficit. If the budget were then so managed that the deficiency of lean years, like the one which has followed the panic of last fall, should be met from the surplus of fat years, a somewhat higher sense of obligation for keeping expenditure within the limits of income might be imposed upon Congress and the Administration. While the problem of fastening such an obligation definitely upon an official or a committee of Congress is difficult under our government of divided powers, it is well that attention has been sharply called to the subject by the official who comes the nearest to possessing authority and responsibility.

PUBLIC MEN AND SECRECY.

In Judge C. C. Nott's recent book, "The Mystery of the Pinckney Draught," one of the incidentally suggestive things is the bringing out of the extraordinary secrecy in which the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention were shrouded. Not only at the time, but for years after, the delegates remained close-mouthed. They were bound by no oath; it was simply the honor of gentlemen that forbade them to divulge secrets which, in fact, they carried to the grave with them. At the close of the Convention, it was determined that the obligation of secrecy which had been assumed while it was at work, should be continued indefinitely. The records were sealed and placed in the custody of Washington. "For thirty years and more the seals remained unbroken; and for thirty years and more no member of the Convention spoke." Washington's diary had an entry, under date of June 1, 1787, which shows what a standard was then set when men undertook not to reveal anything: "Attending in Convention—and nothing being suffered to transpire, no minute of the proceedings has been, or will be, inserted in this diary." The sense of honor in cleaving to a pledged word was exhibited most surprisingly by the members of the Committee on Detail—who had so much to do with fixing the form of the Constitution:

> The work was done in secret; they employed no secretary. . . . After the committee was discharged, no hint or word seems to have escaped them. No man boasted of his own part, or disparaged another's. No son or daughter or grandchild has revealed a word that any member subsequently said.

There were and are, for example, disputes about the part that Wilson played in draughting the Constitution. After his death, three of his fellow-members of the Committee on Detail survived. But "Rutledge lived two years and Ellsworth nine years and Randolph fifteen years, and gave no sign."

It may be partly in imitation of this high example that the South African Convention has been sitting in absolute secrecy. The men who gathered at Durban in November had before them a task not unlike that of the men who gathered in Philadelphia in 1787. It is a work of federation and, prior to that, conciliation. They have surrounded their labors with what the London *Times* calls "a wise obscurity." No representatives of the press are permitted to be present. No fragmentary reports are given out. The delegates prefer that their results shall be judged as a whole, and that the successive steps of compromise and adjustment shall not be known. After the South African Convention adjourns, however, it may well be doubted if such a remarkable secrecy can be maintained as was observed by the members of the American Constitutional Convention.

Since their day, a great change has come. It is a change partly in men's minds, partly in their circumstances. Public men nowadays are less inclined to keep secrets; and the aids offered them, when they feel the impulse to blab, are infinitely multiplied beyond what they were in Washington's day. In the habit of present-day thought, the instinct for publicity has supplanted in statesmen the instinct for secrecy. Their first thought is, not how can I keep this from becoming known, but how can I make it known so as best to work out to my advantage, or that of my party? And whenever they feel overburdened with retained secrets, the modern reporter is at their elbow to relieve them. Newspapers have murdered secrecy. For a public man to take to-day the motto of the poet, "Oh, let me live my life unto myself alone," is becoming more and more impossible. Publicity always sits behind him like black care. Hence it is really a great achievement when a statesman can do what Lord Northcote, the Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, has just done. He sailed for Europe Saturday, after travelling from Vancouver to Montreal,

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and thence to New York and Washington. During these weeks, he made what an admirer has called a "non-publicity record." He evaded interviewers, escaped banquets, refused to parade either his person or his sentiments. It would seem that he must have had more satisfaction, as well as distinction, in following such a course than in running the usual round of indiscriminate publicity.

For seven years past, our political life has been one long riot of publicity. Following the fashion set by one of the shrewdest advertisers that ever lived, our public men have lost the inclination to reticence, if they ever had it. Every seal is made to be broken, every trust to be betrayed. The thing is not merely to wear your heart on your sleeve, but to cut open that organ, and lecture on its anatomy. We must have no secrets from the dear public. The grave continence of the Constitution-builders is hopelessly out of style. We have not even Hotspur's safeguard that "thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know." In the universal giving away of political secrets, many things are confided to the reporters which are neither secrets nor facts. Statesmen denounce a curious and prying press, but they are eager to make to themselves friends of that Mammon of unrighteousness, and they conceive that there is no better way of doing it than by discreet leaking of official secrets. The net result is such a general rush to tattle that the power of keeping one's own counsel now seems among the lost arts.

THE DUTCH AND VENEZUELA.

The capture by the Dutch of the Venezuelan guardships Alexis and 23 de Mayo does not make the "hostilities" appear less like opera-bouffe. The Dutch themselves explain that their act does not mean war; that these harmless vessels, with their rusty rifles, have merely been borrowed for a short time as a reprisal in order to compel Venezuela to pay attention to just demands. It is hinted that in a day or two we shall hear that the two or three other yacht-like Venezuelan gunboats which bask peacefully in the sunshine of La Guayra, have also been taken to Curaçao. But there the leisurely Dutch captains may encounter some opposition, for at La Guayra there is supposed to be a formidable, modern Krupp battery, with plenty of ammunition, perched so high above the water as to make it rather a difficult place for naval shells to reach. But granted that these toy-ships are captured, wherein will the Dutch have gained an advantage? A country that is at this moment at odds with France and the United States as well as Holland, and has angered England to the breaking point, is hardly likely to be influenced by the loss of a navy of no particular fighting strength.

The Dutch may, of course, take the aggressive to the extent of reducing to ashes the towns of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, the two great northern seaports of Venezuela. Such an attack would doubtless inflict heavy loss on Venezuela, but still heavier on the foreign merchants of Caracas. Last spring, when President Roosevelt vainly asked that Congress give him a free hand in dealing with Castro, the American merchants trading in Venezuelan products were quick to send delegations to Washington to show that if there were any coercing they might be as badly punished as Castro, if not worse. More than that, ever since the joint bombardment of Puerto Cabello by Germany, Italy, and England in 1902, the customs receipts at these two ports have been devoted, according to the decree of the Hague arbitrators, to the payment of the interest charges and debt of the foreign bondholders. This has been done with sufficient regularity up to the present time; for President Castro explains the recent withholding of French payments by saying that, owing to the absence of a French diplomatic representative, the money has been deposited in the State Bank of Venezuela. Hence, if Holland should institute a rigid blockade of Venezuelan ports, or seize Venezuelan custom-houses, there would be loud outcries from the debtholders abroad, as well as from the American merchants who buy Venezuelan coffee and cocoa.

Beyond doubt, it is knowledge of this fact that makes Castro so offensively independent in his attitude towards foreign Powers. Moreover, he is well aware that if worse came to worst, and he were even compelled to retreat from Caracas, which is practically inaccessible from the Puerto Cabello side, he could still conduct a government in the interior and make sufficient money out of it, while his countrymen were carrying on the desperate guerrilla warfare of which they are capable, and in which their strongest ally would be the chill winds and fogs of the Caracas Valley, a far more unhealthy place than the sea-coast towns. Then, too, he would have an admirable excuse for stopping all payments to foreign debtors.

Holland alone could not, of course, undertake a serious invasion of Venezuela. The help of other countries would be essential. For one thing, her own claim for injuries is too slight. Moreover, Castro's marvellous talent in having some right on his side whenever he gets into a dispute with a foreign country did not fail him when it came to Holland. The Dutch cannot deny that M. de Reus, their Minister, was guilty of a grave diplomatic offence; their only contention is that Castro violated diplomatic procedure in sending M. de Reus his passports and expelling him instead of informing the Netherlands government that the minister was no longer *persona grata*, and asking that he be recalled. The Dutch try to explain the attacks upon the Venezuelan consul at Curaçao by asserting that the victim of the riots had never been formally accepted as a consul, and being without his exequatur, was not yet a consul *de facto*—rather a labored explanation. The real offence of Castro in Dutch eyes is his decree of May 11 last, which resulted in the practical suppression of the trade of Curaçao by making obligatory the trans-shipment of all goods from and to Maracaibo and other ports in western Venezuela, at Puerto Cabello instead of Willemstad or Curaçao, as had previously been the custom. To the Dutch demand that this decree be abrogated, Venezuela replies that it alone, as a free nation, has the right to say what commercial laws it shall and shall not make.

So far as the United States is concerned, under the policy laid down by President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay in 1902, in reply to Germany's diplomatic inquiry, there is nothing to prevent Holland's going ahead as energetically as she pleases, so long as she does not seek to colonize or to hold any portion of Venezuela permanently. At that time it was wisely held by Mr. Hay that the South American republics could not avoid punishment for wrong-doing by hiding behind the Monroe Doctrine. On similar grounds, no objection was

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made to the temporary British occupation of the custom-house at Corinto, Nicaragua. Therefore, Holland may run on this fool's errand as long as she pleases—without, we hope, any assistance from France or the United States. Neither of these countries has, unfortunately, a clean record in its dealings with Venezuela, for citizens of both countries, who now appear as claimants for damages, have conspired to overthrow Castro's government.

BIBLIOPHILES AND BIBLIOPHILES.

The publication in the London *Times* and the New York *Times* of an account of the library of J. Pierpont Morgan has naturally excited wide interest, partly because the library itself is extraordinary, more because Mr. Morgan is commonly regarded as a financier rather than a bibliophile. To the world which sees the man chiefly as a power in Wall Street, it is surprising to find a side of him devoted to the pursuit of manuscripts, tall copies, and first editions in immaculate condition. And yet it is probable that Mr. Morgan's reputation fifty years from now will rest almost wholly on his career as a patron of art and a bibliophile. His reorganization of railways and the formation of the United States Steel Corporation, the heavy labor of his strenuous days, will be clean forgotten; while the fruit of his recreations, of his hours for play, will keep his memory green, at least in the world of art and letters. His name will be entered on that shining roll of connoisseurs and collectors concerning whom each generation shows fresh curiosity. When the John Hill Burton of the late twentieth century writes a new "Book Hunter," he will devote a long chapter to the exploits of Mr. Morgan; and the Langs and the Dobsons of that new day will enshrine him in their verse along with Heber and De Thou.

And the world will be right in ranking the collector above the financier; for the financiers are many and the bibliophiles few. In his "Books and Bookmen," Andrew Lang speaks of "the famous collectors who make a kind of *catena* (a golden chain of bibliophiles) through the centuries since printing was invented." To secure a place in this distinguished line—it might almost be called royal—is a greater achievement than to found a billion-dollar corporation. The equipment of the successful financier is chiefly energy and a clear hard head, but your successful collector must have something which cannot be bought by telegraphic order—taste and literary judgment. Mr. Morgan, of course—and we take his name as a type—must consult experts; he cannot be expected to know all about illuminated missals in all tongues and to remember all the various title-pages of the first edition of "Paradise Lost"; but he must know where the facts are to be had. And without some controlling and guiding mind, itself informed and cultivated, even the largest heap of gold will buy nothing but a heap of expensive volumes—not a really fine library. Then, too, with your accomplished collector education goes hand-in-hand with acquisition, and to have gathered a notable lot of books is to have become something of a scholar in this field. More instructive than any description of Mr. Morgan's library would be his own story of the process of getting it—his outlay of time and energy and money in familiarizing himself with the world of books, his costly mistakes, in short, that long series of lessons, that training in discrimination and connoisseurship which experience alone can afford. And from the point of view of the collector, this experience, vexing as it may often have been, is really the best part of it all. To have and to handle the books is pleasant; but keener still are the joys of pursuit, the disappointments from which one recovers, the losses ultimately turned into gains, the failures that become successes, the ignorance that is the beginning of wisdom.

But these delights, this edification, are to be had without a fortune. A man with a very modest income can, in a limited range, make himself an expert, and by watching his chances can pick up a collection of books that will represent a considerable expenditure, if not of cash, at least of intelligence and taste. The world of a book collector is wide, and even a small corner of it assiduously cultivated may yield a rich return in instruction and pleasure. Collecting American authors is a pastime that attracts a number of Americans; but the Victorian poets and novelists, or the writers of the early nineteenth century in England, or of the eighteenth or the seventeenth, offer abundant material that is intrinsically interesting and valuable as literature. In French literature—as in Italian, Spanish, or German—the opportunities are equally numerous; and a man who would supplement a good general library with one or two specialties, so to speak, need never be at a loss for an agreeable hobby. Nor is it necessary for the collector to possess that last rare item in his particular line. If you are looking for American authors, your set of Hawthorne may be very interesting without "Fanshawe" (1828) in the original boards, uncut; and in that striking group of Englishmen of the early nineteenth century Lamb's "King and Queen of Hearts" (1805), with the pink paper covers dated 1806, is not indispensable; nor is Shelley's "Address to the Irish People" (1812). The collector with a good fortune—in both senses of the word—may attain these heights, but far short of them happiness may be found.

For it must be remembered that the interest in an old book often lies, not so much in its absolute rarity as in the associations connected with it. In this respect it is like an old house or an old city, rendered venerable and fascinating by long human occupation. The handsome new reprint, fresh from the press, may be an admirable example of the book-manufacturer's art, but it lacks the charm of a volume which has gladdened the eyes of several generations of readers and perhaps bears upon its leaves some trace of their appreciation. We know a man who once bought for a mere trifle the "Memoirs" of Gibbon, edited by Lord Sheffield (1827), and on a fly-leaf discovered to his great surprise Scott's autograph, entirely overlooked by the book-seller. Who would not regard Scott's copy of Gibbon's Life more entertaining than any other? But even when the former owner is a nobody or is unknown, we cannot remain wholly indifferent to him; for is he not an intellectual brother, a sharer of our likes and dislikes? May we not almost visualize his face and touch hands with him across the dim centuries? For us, at least, the most attractive volumes of the old essayists are those of the *Lounger*, by Henry Mackenzie, "the Northern Addison"—and all because our set of the *Lounger*, not a first edition, was once owned, as a delicate signature on the title attests, by "Barbara Cockayne." Could such delicious vocables describe any but the most gracious figure of wo-

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manhood? Who was Barbara Cockayne? We do not know. For a hundred years, doubtless, her bones have lain forgotten in some quiet English churchyard. But these were once Barbara Cockayne's books; and their yellowing pages render us oblivious to Christopher North's savage cut at "Old M." as "the greatest nuisance that ever infested any Magazine." And here even the thinnest humor, pathos, and moralizing must still appeal to all who, like the youth of whom Stevenson tells us, are moved by love of lovely names.

RECENT FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, November 27.

"Patrice," a romance—not a novel—by Ernest Renan, would have been an event in the lifetime of the author (Calmann-Lévy). Now, it is little more than a continuation, from the sentimental side, of the autobiographical notes of an undulating intellect. The limpid, deliciously shaded style flows here over unexpected shallows and depths. Those long familiar with it may find almost equal interest in the illustrations by the son, Ary Renan, who died before realizing his full talent as a painter. "Ragotte," by Jules Renard of the Goncourt Academy, is likely to be the classic story-telling book of the year (A. Fayard). It is scarcely fiction, but rather a series of dry-points, etched instantaneous portraits of men and things in the lives of our *frères farouches* (shy brothers)—peasants and lowly people with difficult, yet at times thrillingly pertinent, utterance. In matter of style, this writer seems to have attained absolute adequacy. The color, the poignancy of mere bits of dialogue, lift his communication of thought and feeling to high art. Moreover, it brings us understandingly face to face with human beings like ourselves, but often misunderstood because inarticulate.

"Les Toits rouges," by Gaston Rouvier, is a very modern and readable novel by an author who has kept all the *actualité* and movement of his former high-class journalism (Fasquelle). The story turns round the fecund idea which Paul Bourget set afloat in "L'Étape"—the danger of leaping from a lower social rank to a higher without passing by the intermediate stages. The *parvenu* proprietor of a red-roofed manufacturing centre thinks he has reached his ambition's aim when his riches have persuaded the impoverished noble lady, who owns the neighboring château, to marry him. "Illusion masculine," by the lady (Madame A. Cherbonnel) who signs Jean de La Brète, is likely to be among the best sellers of the season, like the other novels of this writer, for people who appreciate readable books which they can leave on the family table (Plon-Nourrit). Madame Gabrielle Reval, in "Les Camps-volantes de la Rivière," is, as usual, not so heedful of the young person and the conventionalities which surround her still in most French families (Calmann-Lévy). This lady won literary distinction by her first books, revealing life in the higher normal school for women at Sèvres, where she was trained, and in the women's *lycées*, where she was professor—both things new and revolutionary in France. Enlarging her sphere of freedom, she now elucidates that world of cosmopolitan interlopers which has its centre at Monte Carlo.

So far as impression goes, it would seem that the proper romance and novel of average people is coming to the front. There are no doubt commercial reasons for this; but it would be unfair not to see in it a change in the reading public. Probably the new generation differs in character from the old—is less Parisian. For the Petite Bibliothèque des Familles Paul Margueritte writes "Ma Grande" (big sister). Henri Doris shows in "La Grande Déesse"—who is Poverty—how an impoverished marquis is led to develop genius and attain to happiness, and so again to riches (Plon). Mathilde Alaric, in "La Romance de Joconde" (Plon), gives an honest instance of the words of that old song

. . . on revient toujours
À ses premières amours!

"Le Maître du pain," by Lucy Achalme, is quite as much an instructive study, as a novel, of the family community which still exists in Auvergne (Bouville). The lady who signs Pierre de Coulevain (Mademoiselle Favre) became widely known to Americans by her novels about their European experiments; her new novel, "Au Cœur de la vie," is told in an ultra-cosmopolitan way, from varying Continental cities. René Thiry has something rare in recent French novels, a distinctly humorous story of practical meaning—"Monsieur Gendron va au peuple"—how a *bourgeois* tried to be a Socialist (Plon).

Among books more in line with the foreign tradition regarding the French novel, Madame la Baronne Aimery de Pierrebourg, who has won a high place in letters under the more plebeian signature of Claude Ferval, publishes "Ciel rouge"—a story of high and impassioned sentiment. The mother who sacrifices herself to her love for her child, and so finally quenches the husband's hatred, is as ancient as Andromache, but modern enough for any one in this new version. "L'Amour guette" is the joint work of the author of "Amitié amoureuse," and Jean de Fossendal (Calmann-Lévy). Paul Bourget, in "Les Détours du cœur," gives a number of those short and sometimes tragical stories of passion treated psychologically, which many of his earlier faithful prefer to his longer social romances. With plenty of passion also, as Balzac understood it, with abundance of personages and incident and anecdote, a young writer who should be noted, Pierre Villetard, publishes his second novel—"La Montée." It is the ruthless scramble of a mother and son toward fortune and the great world (Fasquelle). "Da'ad," by Chékri Ganem, who must be an Oriental, simmers and seethes with the passion of the Orient amid much local color.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Wilberforce Eames has contributed a bibliography of that famous New England book "The Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion," to the reprint just published by the H. R. Huntting Co. of Springfield, Mass. This "Faithful History of Remarkable Occurrences in the Captivity and Deliverance of Mr. John Williams," is one of the most interesting of the series of "Captivities," which are much favored by collectors. Of the first edition, "Boston in N.E. Printed by B. Green, for Samuel Phillip, at the Brick Shop, 1707," Mr. Eames locates four copies in public libraries: American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Harvard University, Massachusetts Historical Society, and John Carter Brown Libraries. Brinley's copy sold in March, 1879, for $106. Of the second edition, Boston, T. Fleet, 1720, Mr. Eames locates only a single copy, in the Lenox Library. Later editions were published at Boston, 1758; New London, no date, but 1773; Greenfield. Mass., 1793; and Boston, 1795. This reprint is made from the last mentioned, which is called the sixth edition on the title-page. There were also several nineteenth century editions.

In the *Nation* for September 3, a list of several books of William Butler Yeats, which were first printed in America, was drawn from copies belonging to John Quinn. Those notes were taken from descriptions of the books prepared for the Bibliography of Yeats, by Allan Wade, intended for publication in the last volume, just issued, of the limited edition of Yeats's collected works. Sixty copies of the bibliography have, however, been printed separately, at the Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon, forming an octavo volume of 96 pages. Part i is a list of the books entirely by Yeats, with collations and notes beginning with an account of "Mosada, a Dramatic Poem," which first appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, June, 1886, and of which a few copies were taken off separately. The prologue to "The King's Threshold," which was printed in the *United Irishman* (but not with the play as published in book form) is here given entire. Part ii is devoted to books edited by or contributed to by Yeats; Part iii, a chronological list of his contributions to periodicals; and Part iv, American editions.

Robert Hoe has printed, uniform with the previous volumes of the catalogue of his magnificent library, a catalogue of his Books of Emblems. This is a volume of 133 pages, describing upwards of four hundred books. As Mr. Hoe states in his prefatory

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note, "the most ardent and learned student of this class of literature and art combined was Henry Green, author of 'Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers' and 'Andrea Alciati and His Books of Emblems.'" Mr. Hoe acquired the manuscript lists and data left by Mr. Green at his death, recording about three thousand books of emblems, and he suggests that the printing of this bibliography would be a valuable contribution to the knowledge of this department of literature.

On December 21 and 22 the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells a selection of books from the library of Prof. Brander Matthews, largely relating to the history of the stage. A copy of the rare first edition of J. P. Kemble's "Fugitive Pieces," York, 1780, is included. In the McKee copy of this book there was inserted a letter from Kemble, in which he wrote:

I did, indeed, put that nonsense to the press: but let me do myself the credit to say that I ran the very morning I saw it in print; to suppress it, and unfortunately was too late to prevent the sale of those few copies which I so earnestly wish to send to the flames after all the rest of them.

Lowndes tells of £15 being paid for a copy in a sale in which the author was the under bidder, but the book, though rare, is now of much less value.

The important items in the sale of the second part of the Poor library at Anderson's in this city December 7, 8, and 9, brought good prices. The following are a few of the more interesting: Hayman's "Quodlibets Lately Come Over from New Britaniola, Old Newfound-land" (1628), an inferior copy, the McKee copy which sold for $61 in 1900, $75; Bryant's "White-Footed Deer" (1844), original covers, uncut, $285 (the record price); George Eliot's "Legend of Jubal" (1874), one of twenty special copies on thick paper, with interesting A. L. S. referring to it, $57; Hawthorne's "Celestial Railroad" (1847), second edition, $45; Longfellow's "Ballads" (1842), a presentation copy, but name of recipient cut out, $54; Lowell's "Il Posceballo" (1862), earliest issue, $60; "Waverley" (1814), first edition, gilt edges, $49; "Ivanhoe" (1821), first edition, uncut, $35; Tennyson's "Poems by Two Brothers" (1827), with the names of the authors of the poems marked in by Alfred Tennyson, $600; Tennyson's "The Sailor Boy" (1861), one of twenty-five copies printed separately as a small pamphlet, $305; programme of the private theatricals given February 24, 1862, at the opening of Thackeray's new residence at Palace Green Kensington, the celebrated "W. Empty [W. M. T.] House Theatricals," accompanied by five pencil drawings by Thackeray and a lock of his hair, $655; Montaigne's "Essays" (1603), translated by John Florio, first edition, with both sets of errata leaves, very fine copy, $561 (the record price); the third edition (1632), $58; and Killigrew's "Comedies and Tragedies" (1644), $330 (the record price).

Reports on a few books sold at the dispersion of the first part of the library of Lord Amherst have been received by cable. Vol. I only (the old Testament) of the Gutenberg Bible, brought £2,050, a high price for a fragment. Of the twenty-seven known copies printed on paper, four have Vol. I only, while one has Vol. II only, and of the eleven copies on vellum, one lacks Vol. II. J. P. Morgan owns one of the odd volumes (the first) acquired with the library of Theodore Irwin of Oswego. He also owns a complete copy on vellum. Dr. Schwenke, the latest authority, has estimated that the total number of copies printed on paper may have been 180 and on vellum thirty. The book is so large and imposing that the number which have survived cannot be regarded as a large proportion. King Charles the First's copy of the Authorized Version of the Bible, Cambridge, 1638, bound in red velvet, the sides and backs richly embroidered in ornaments of silver thread in high relief, brought £1,000; the *editio princeps* of Cicero, printed at Mainz by Fust and Schoiffer, in 1465, £700; George Best's "True Discourse of the Late Voyages of Discoverie for the finding of a passage to Cathaya," 1578, with the two maps genuine (most copies lack the maps) £315, a low price.

At Hodgson's auction in London in the latter part of November, the *editio princeps* of Homer (with the rare preliminary leaves), 2 vols., Florence, 1488, sold for £250; "The Comedye of Acolastus," translated by J. Palsgrave, 1540, £49.

Correspondence.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF CO-OPERATION IN ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent meeting of the New England Association of Teachers of English at Springfield for the purpose of discussing coördination and coöperation in English must have brought to the minds of many English teachers renewed question as to the need and possibility of coöperation and the reason for the difficulties that beset those who seek to bring it about.

A speaker at Springfield attributed the hampering inertia of his colleagues to a lack of respect for the English department, due, in his estimation, to the relatively small amount of time given to English in New England high schools. The trouble lies, I fear, much deeper. For years English has been taught in the schools from the point of view of form. Form and content, things to be sharply divorced in discussion only, have been and are to-day practically treated as separate entities. Weekly, fortnightly, or less often, the pupil writes a theme for his English teacher. The subject is assigned by the teacher, or sought, as a rule with some toil, by the pupil. One is reminded, in this connection, of a story told of that time-worn figure, the learned college professor, found wandering alone about the drawing room after his hostess's well-intentioned effort to effect a connection with another guest. "I hoped you and Mrs. S. would find common interests," was her greeting. "Mrs. S.," he replied gravely, "seemed to have no statement that she wished to make to me, and I had none that I wished to make to her, so we parted." The English student is less fortunate; willy nilly he must make a statement—he cannot part from his English teacher. This is, of course, an extreme putting of the case; many English teachers throughout this broad land are able to give to many boys and girls the will to think and to express their thought. But too often the English theme is a mere empty means of training in form. As a result, the high school graduate enters freshman English with a fair theoretical conviction that the "rules" of unity, coherence, and emphasis should be applied to his written themes; that they are principles that should govern his ordinary thought and speech he never dreams. He has no confirmed habit of disciplined thought and expression.

Meantime the student finds himself in other branches of his work inevitably led, day by day, to find expression for the material that they afford. Day by day he recites in class, writes this or that for the teacher of science or history. Usually he feels free to express himself as his native, untrained inclination wills. The teacher passively regrets, it may be, or actively blames the teacher of English, if his substance is incoherently presented; but the point is "knowledge of the subject matter, not form," and "there is no time to correct poor English." "It is not fair," he adds, "to take from a pupil's mark for chemistry if he has given the facts correctly." Again and again this point is made, without, apparently, the slightest realization of the fact that *mastery* of subject matter implies of necessity coherent thinking and thereby coherent expression; that tolerance of incoherent presentation encourages a mere cramming of undigested matter and breaks every law of mental discipline.

Psychologically, the stand which teachers of English have taken during the past years is unsound; no habit of clear expression can be formed in one-tenth of the time when nine-tenths encourage constant departure from it. Training in *method* of thought, in *method* of expression, in idiom, the English teacher can and must give; that in the division of labor is his peculiar task. But until he demands earnestly, steadily, the aid of those who alone can see to it that his teaching puts itself into practice; until he recognizes definitely that English is a tool, to be moulded and mastered under his direction, but to be put to its proper use and kept sharp and efficient only through the watchful care of many others who supply varying material for its exercise, he cannot do effective work. How can we hope to overcome the lack of respect that subtly, insidiously, follows the teaching of English through high school and college while we willingly pursue a policy theoretically wrong, and practically, by its works, proved ineffective?

Obviously, however, there are two sides to the question of coöperation. The English teacher must make the demand; but it is impossible for him to secure it unless teachers of other subjects can be induced to give their aid in a spirit of disinterested helpfulness. Prof. J. H. Gardiner of Harvard stated the issue with marked definiteness and fairness at the Springfield meeting: "Every student"—I quote freely—"owes to the instructor in every other branch as good English as he gives to the teacher of English; every teacher owes to every student an insistence upon the best that he is capable of giving. Any teacher who permits a pupil to hand in to him slipshod, incoherent English does the pupil a wrong, fosters in him those vicious mental habits of laziness and carelessness which it should be the prime aim of education to eradicate." Too few teachers seem keenly alive to this truth; here lies the fundamental difficulty in the

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way of securing effective coöperation between English and other departments. If, as Professor James has said, education consists in substituting good for bad ideas, good for bad habits, all with a view to their practical application, teachers fail all along the line when they take the attitude of having too little time to teach more than so much subject matter, when they refuse to discipline a student for disordered, slovenly expression. In the haste of the daily routine it would seem that we all lose sight of the larger issues involved in such a question as that of coöperation in English. Were our aims less petty, less specialized, more largely adequate, we should see the detail in its wider significance, and, perhaps, prove ourselves educators, teachers, with one will, of human beings, where now we are mere divided instructors in subjects—English, chemistry, history.

How this coöperation is to be worked out is another question. Tentative efforts are being made at Harvard, Vassar, Mt. Holyoke, Wellesley, and in high schools here and there; a fairly successful scheme has been for some years in practice at the Institute of Technology. English papers involving subject matter belonging to other departments and counting in both; special English classes to which those found deficient may be detailed by any department; a strict holding to account for the English of prepared and examination papers and a return to the English department of those markedly deficient; inter-department meetings with a view to mutual understanding and usefulness—all have been tried more or less consistently in various places. So much only may be said: it seems fairly certain that the idea which makes every man a master of English as well as of his own subject is not yet realized; nor is it likely to be in our present system of specialization. Under those circumstances we do not, in advocating such a policy, doom ourselves to extinction; the English department is still the clearing house for the school or college—or the indispensable handmaid, if you will. Coöperation on the part of other departments is likely to consist largely in a willingness to reduce the present incubus of written work by encouraging papers common to two departments, in holding students strictly to account for oral as well as written expression, and in reporting those found markedly deficient to the English department for discipline and drill. If this seems to place a large burden upon the shoulders of teachers of English, it may be added, with an appeal to experience, that nine-tenths of the slipshod, desultory English now handed to teachers of other subjects, is due to carelessness: boy and girl will inevitably follow the line of least resistance if no one bids them stop, while, brought to a halt, they live up to their best. The small boy quoted by a Springfield speaker was not far from wrong when he explained, *àpropos* of *his* woodchuck, which had climbed a tree—"I know they can't, but this one did. You see he had to." A willing spirit of cooperation throughout all departments would, I believe, far more simply and easily than one thinks, do away with practical difficulties, and lead to more efficient English in both school and college.

AGNES F. PERKINS.

Wellesley College, December 2.

DEAN BRIGGS ON COLLEGE PREPARATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Abraham Flexner, contending in his exceptionally interesting little book, "The American College," that college admission examinations are deadening, remarks:

> In the light of these facts one can understand a somewhat startling statement in a recent annual report [1901-02, p. 96], by Dean Briggs: "Of any two subjects, efficiently taught for the same length of time, one is about as good as another, and deserves equal recognition in a scheme of examinations." For, clearly, when half a dozen different studies have been each purged of its characteristic essence by way of preparation for examination, then, I grant you, all being equally insipid, "one is about as good as another." But now that one thing is about as good as another, provided only it is as efficiently taught for the same length of time, why should schools be put to the trouble and expense of providing a varied diet? If all foods masticated for equal periods are equally nutritious, is not a changing, well-ordered menu a sheer extravagance? Dean Briggs argues just the other way around; if one food is about as good as another, why should a housekeeper *not* keep an abundant table? If one study is about as good as another, why should a school not provide limitless variety? But the argument is wholly fallacious. A developing civilization wants physics, philosophy, poetry. It has no way of substituting one for the other; hence, it values them alike. Pedagogically, however, their value depends on entirely different considerations. It is not simply a question of how long or how thoroughly a subject has been taught. The mere fact that Roman history and American history have been taught with equal vigor for equal school periods does not make it immaterial which a particular American boy knows. English literature and Egyptian hieroglyphics cannot be made of equal value to a high-school boy by teaching them equally long with equal efficiency.

The passage in Dean Briggs's report to which Mr. Flexner refers is a discussion of the old and new methods of admission to Harvard College. My interpretation of it differs somewhat from Mr. Flexner's:

> The chief difference of training in the two methods is for those candidates who do not offer Greek: under the old method, such candidates made up for Greek by additional mathematics; under the new method they make up for it by any subjects covering the same total number of points in the admission scheme. The old method recognized two sorts of intellectual discipline (corresponding to two great orders of intellect), the linguistic or literary and the mathematical: to the first it gave more weight; but it conceded that some deficiency in the first might be balanced by an additional amount of the second. Its advocates believed that modern languages and natural science, as at present taught in schools, do not provide firm training for the mind, and that the fault is not wholly in the teaching, but lies partly in the unsettled character of the subjects themselves. The new method proclaims that of any two studies efficiently taught for the same length of time one is about as good as another, and deserves equal recognition in a scheme of examinations. It is too early to judge whether students admitted with neither Greek nor trigonometry and solid geometry are on the whole weaker than those admitted with either or with both; too early to judge whether the training of the new subjects can match the training of the old. Yet these are among the questions that rouse in conservative minds a grave apprehension.

Whether Dean Briggs says what Mr. Flexner says he says, the intelligent reader may determine.

L. B. R. BRIGGS.

Cambridge, Mass., December 9.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEIPZIG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During August, 1909, the University of Leipzig is to celebrate its five hundredth anniversary. It would be eminently fitting for the Americans who have taken their doctor's degrees at Leipzig to send to the university on that occasion some formal address of congratulation. A list of about one hundred Americans who have taken their degrees at Leipzig has been prepared, including all of the names of American scientists mentioned in "American Men of Science" and such others as could be secured from a few former Leipzig students in the vicinity of New York and New Haven.

A small committee has organized itself in an informal way for the purpose of collecting suggestions and information. If the movement seems to be of interest, a more formal organization can be perfected later and the congratulatory message can be issued by a representative committee. The undersigned, acting as secretary for the preliminary informal committee, begs leave to request (1) suggestions with regard to the mode of procedure which would be most effective in presenting to Leipzig University the expression of congratulation from former American students; (2) information with regard to Americans in all departments who have received their degrees at Leipzig. The present list is complete for all names included in "American Men of Science"; it is otherwise very fragmentary and should be supplemented even at the risk of duplicating names from various sources.

It is requested that replies be sent at the earliest possible moment in order that the organization may be completed before January. For the Committee,

CHARLES H. JUDD.

Yale Station, New Haven, Conn., December 7.

KNOWLEDGE OF MILTON IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the recent tercentenary of John Milton, held in Boston under the auspices of the Massachusetts Historical Society, it devolved upon the writer to make some introductory remarks.

Milton was essentially the poet laureate of the Puritans, and Massachusetts, conceived in Puritanism, was, *par excellence*, the Puritan colony of the English Commonwealth. Naturally, therefore, some indications were looked for in the early records of Massachusetts as a community, of influence exercised by Milton, and for evidence of any general early familiarity with him or with his writings. The "Paradise Lost" was published in 1667; Milton died seven years later, in 1674. Almost exactly a century from the last date, Massachusetts emerged from its chrysalis stage, and, no longer a province, became itself a commonwealth. Addison's famous series of *Spectator* papers, which contributed so largely towards familiarizing the English-speaking races with the one acknowledged classic of the Puritan period and régime, appeared in 1712.

Yet a fairly exhaustive search failed to reveal any indications whatever of early New England familiarity with Milton, or

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of quotations from him in the New England literature, such as it was, prior to 1750. That literature is, of course, chiefly theological, consisting largely of sermons, occasional discourses, etc., in which, here and there, references to Milton appear. Rarely, however, are they to his poems. There is no indication in the "Magnalia" that Cotton Mather had read "Paradise Lost"; nor has any quotation from Milton's poems, whether of the earlier or later period, been found, so far as has yet appeared, in the numerous publications of the Mather family. There is none in Sewell's Diary.

Apparently, so far as investigation has yet disclosed, Milton's poems were almost unknown in New England until about the middle of the eighteenth century. There is no well-authenticated case of a copy of "Paradise Lost" on a Massachusetts bookshelf before that period yet brought to light.

From about the year 1750 to the beginning of the nineteenth century there is abundant evidence of growing familiarity. During the greater part of the nineteenth century, as is familiar to the experience of almost every one, the "Paradise Lost" was practically a text-book. Children were compelled, as an exercise, to commit long passages of it by heart; but during the last third of the nineteenth century this practice passed more and more into disuse.

A more careful investigation is now being made, and any data, bearing upon American familiarity with Milton and his poems during the first half of the eighteenth century, are desired. No edition of "Paradise Lost" was published on this side of the Atlantic until after 1775. The first Massachusetts edition appeared in 1794. Can individual copies of English editions of an earlier date be produced, the use of which in America, prior to 1750, is matter of proof, or even great probability?

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

84 State Street, Boston, December 15.

"JOHN LEE IS DEAD, THE DEAR OLD MAN."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Not long ago I discovered in the little churchyard at Mathern, near Chepstow—a village not far from Bristol, and familiar to many Americans, I dare say, through its castle ruins overlooking the Wye—the grave of John Lee, who died there in May, 1825, at the age of one hundred and three. On the tombstone are inscribed the following lines:

John Lee is dead, the dear old man,
We ne'er shall see him more.
He used to wear an old drab coat,
All buttoned down before.

At first sight it seemed to me possible that these lines had antedated those of Albert Gorton Greene, the author of "Old Grimes," and that they had even suggested the poem to him; nor was I able to get definite data in such publications as "The Library of American Literature" to prove the exact date of Greene's composition. In Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America" (1842), however, "Old Grimes" is referred to and reprinted, and it is stated that it was written by Greene in the year in which he entered Brown University. Greene (1802-1868) was graduated from Brown in 1820, and I assume that he must have written "Old Grimes" about 1816, or some nine years before it was adapted to the melancholy needs of John Lee of Mathern. Does any reader of the *Nation* know the exact year of the poem's composition?

J. PERRY WORDEN.

Bristol, England, December 3.

NEGRO LABOR IN THE SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial mention, December 10, of Mr. Taft's speech to the North Carolina Society you say:

Expatriation of the negro is, as he [Taft] pointed out, impossible, and so is the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. On neither of these proposals need anybody waste a breath. The negro must remain, if only because the South cannot do without his labor.

Expatriation is difficult, but the only humane and satisfactory solution of the race question, in my judgment. The repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment is not to be expected, I admit, and I never seriously discuss what I know is impossible.

However, it is to the last of your three statements that I now address myself very briefly. In your eagerness to defend the negro you fail to do justice to the white people of the South. You say that "the South cannot do without his [the negro's] labor." Now, Mr. Editor, are you sure that you are right? A recent estimate of the cotton crop now being marketed puts the yield at practically thirteen million bales, of which vast total Texas is set down as having produced approximately four million bales, or a little less than one-third of the entire yield. Of course, I cannot be exact in the statement I am about to make, but I do know that I am not far off the fact when I say that of the entire crop of cotton made in Texas more than 80 per cent. is planted, cultivated, and harvested by white labor. I am told by colleagues from the South that in the "hill country" of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Arkansas, and the Carolinas the major portion of the cotton crop is made by white labor. What is here stated with reference to the cotton crop applies in an equal degree to all other Southern crops, except sugar and rice, that are of minor importance. Under these circumstances how can you say that the South "cannot do without the labor of the negro?"

Millions of white men who labor in the Southern fields are prosperous and healthy, notwithstanding the contrary view of people who study our conditions at long range.

JAMES L. SLAYDEN.

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., December 14, 1908.

THE ABBOT AT FARNBOROUGH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of November 26 (p. 512) your Paris correspondent speaks of "L'Angleterre chrétienne avant les Normands," by Dom Fernand Cabrol, abbot of Farnborough, England, of an exiled French community of Benedictines. Some of your readers may be under the impression that this Benedictine community was transplanted from France as a result of the recent action of the republic. It was established there before the contest broke out between the republic and the church, as guardian of the mausoleum which the Empress Eugénie erected over the tombs of her husband and her son. Their bodies were removed from Chiselhurst to Farnborough, when she occupied the large estate which she purchased in that neighborhood, where she still lives.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

New York, December 4.

Notes.

The Oxford University Press (Henry Frowde) does a good service in printing a selection of the "Poems of John Clare," edited and provided with an introduction by Arthur Symons. Clare, the reader may need to be informed, was born of a peasant family in Helpston, in 1793. His first impulse to write came from reading a chance copy of "The Seasons." His first book of verse was "Poems Descriptive of Rural Life," brought out in 1820 by Taylor and Hessey, Keats's publishers. It was praised by the *Quarterly*, which had just attacked Keats, and thenceforth Clare was a servant of the Muses—and of poverty. In later years he went mad from drink and exposure, and his whole life was one of disappointment and misery. Mr. Symons furnishes an excellent account of Clare's work, showing in what way it differs from the work of Bloomfield and Burns, and bringing out its rarer qualities. Our best comment on him is to quote one of the most perfect of his poems, "The Dying Child":

He could not die when trees were green,
For he loved the time too well,
His little hands, when flowers were seen,
Were held for the bluebell,
As he was carried o'er the green.

His eye glanced at the white-nosed bee;
He knew those children of the Spring:
When he was well and on the lea
He held one in his hands to sing,
Which filled his heart with glee.

Infants the children of the Spring!
How can an infant die
When butterflies are on the wing,
Green grass, and such a sky!
How can they die at Spring?

He held his hands for daisies white,
And then for violets blue,
And took them all to bed at night
That in the green fields grew,
As childhood's sweet delight.

And then he shut his little eyes,
And flowers would notice not;
Birds' nests and eggs caused no surprise,
He now no blossoms got;
They met with plaintive sighs.

When Winter came and blasts did sigh,
And bare were plain and tree,
As he for ease in bed did lie
His soul seemed with the free,
He died so quietly.

It gives one a curious sensation to pick up an old leisurely classic with all the air of conservative age about it, and find the work turned into an instrument of advanced propaganda. Such a fate has happened to Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," written in Latin some four hundred years ago, and translated into English of the day by Ralph Robinson. Now Valerien Paget has changed Robinson's stately periods into current diction and published the work as "More's Millennium," with the John McBride Co. We have no objection to the translator's modern dialect—it is good English—though

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we think he makes altogether too much of what he calls Robinson's "Mediævalism," and we trust it will hasten the millennium which he seems to foresee.

The two latest volumes of the New York edition of "The Novels and Tales" of Henry James (Charles Scribner's Sons) are devoted to short pieces. Volume XIII contains "The Reverberator," "Madame de Mauves," "A Passionate Pilgrim," "The Madonna of the Future," and "Louise Pallant"; Volume XIV, "Lady Barbarina," "The Siege of London," "An International Episode," "The Pension Beaurepas," "A Bundle of Letters," and "The Point of View." In the preface to Volume XIII Mr. James tells us that "before the American business man . . . I was absolutely and irredeemably helpless, with no fibre of my intelligence responding to his mystery." Volume XIV contains "several short fictions" of the type which Mr. James calls "international." "A Bundle of Letters," he informs us, "was written in a single long session, and, the temperature apart, at a 'heat.'" The most interesting passage in this preface is a reminiscence of his life in London:

> I liked to think that Thackeray's Curzon Street, in which Becky Sharp, or rather Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, had lived, was not much further off; I thought of it preponderantly, in my comings and goings, as Becky's and her creator's; just as I was to find fifty other London neighborhoods speak to me almost only with the voice, the thousand voices, of Dickens.

No Christmas should pass without notice of Dickens, and we have on our table two books addressed to lovers of that author. One is "The Wisdom of Dickens," collected and arranged from his writings and letters by Temple Scott, and published by Mitchell Kennerley in a small volume neatly bound in green leather. The other is a large volume imported by Scribners, "Scenes and Characters from the Works of Charles Dickens." It consists of eight hundred and sixty-six drawings by Fred Barnard, Hablot K. Browne, and the other well-known Dickens illustrators, printed from the original woodblocks which were engraved for Chapman & Hall's Household Edition. The impressions are remarkably clear, and to turn over the pages is to see the whole of Dickens in dumb show, so to speak, a rare entertainment.

Dr. Crothers's "By the Christmas Fire" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) will be welcomed by those in search of a gift book whose dress is appropriate to the season, but whose spirit is appropriate to all the year. Though one involuntarily associates this essayist with a rock-bound coast, there is a smiling sobriety in his work, a penitential quietness as of a Puritan on a holiday. Simple, limpid, refined, his style is enlivened by a mild-hearted humor, and elevated by a reticent idealism—*puro tamen fonti quam magno flumini proprior*. When one compares him for a moment with an elder humorist bent over his musty folios with his two wax candles and his glass of gin-and-water, one wonders what part nature, what part theological frosts of New England, have played in denying us an Elia of full-hearted gayety and abundance. Yet the faint tinge of a Sunday night talk in these five essays we should not wish away; it is a necessary part of their quality. The moral kernel of these pleasant disquisitions is sound and sweet. The power of the reasoning will over "natural law" in "The Bayonet-Poker," the distinction between the geometrical moralist and the wisely flexible idealist in "On Being a Doctrinaire," the necessity of maintaining one's independence under the tyranny of printed pessimism in "Christmas and the Literature of Disillusion," the necessity of wonder in any scheme of philosophy in "The Ignominy of Being Grown-Up," the superiority of justice to pity in "Christmas and the Spirit of Democracy"—all these are fair food for reflection by the Christmas fire. Few holiday books are so well worth while as this; there is something permanently winsome in its chastened hopefulness.

A fairy book of original conception is "King Time, or the Mystical Land of the Hours," by P. K. Fitzhugh (H. M. Caldwell Co.). A little boy sits before a clock and wonders what becomes of the minutes as they are ticked off, and, wondering, he falls asleep and is carried to the mystical land of King Time and sees strange things, among them a war between the Duke of Procrastination and the King. The story is told in verse and prose; the illustrations, in color and in black and white, by L. J. Bridgman, suit the excellent fancy of the tale.

A book of information which may be safely recommended is Helen A. Clarke's "Child's Guide to Mythology" (Baker & Taylor Co.), in which the legends are grouped together, not by countries, but by subjects, *e. g.*, "Tree and Plant Myths," "Myths of the Sky and Air," etc. Miss Clarke tells the old stories in simple and good English.

Mrs. Bearne has added another volume to her anecdotal histories of France (Brentano's). This time she has chosen to write of "A Royal Quartette," taking for her theme four ladies, whose lives extend from the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV to the second quarter of the nineteenth century. Her heroines are Marie Adélaïde de Savoie, Duchess of Burgundy, for a while the Dauphine of France; Madame Adélaïde, daughter of Louis XV, granddaughter of the earlier Adélaïde; Marie Luisa, Infanta of Spain, daughter of Carlos IV; and Marie Amélie Thérèse of Naples, wife of Louis Philippe, King of the French. Mrs. Bearne, as always, has a good scent for the telling anecdote, and in the present arrangement, especially, there is an added interest in the historical changes of such lives as we pass from the autocratic court of Louis XIV to the Paris of Louis Philippe.

"The Story of the New England Whalers" (The Macmillan Co.) is interestingly told by the well-known writer, John R. Spears, to whom nothing is unworthy of study which is both nautical and American. The beginnings and the disappearance of this industry, to which only the strong and courageous were eligible, are set forth in attractive form, as are the wonderful rise and the inevitable decline of Nantucket as the world's greatest whaling base. From this infertile island the trade reached out into the remotest seas. Nantucket, indeed, furnished experts in the art to neighboring ports and to the mother country as well; no less than 149 Nantucket captains commanded British whaling ships prior to 1812. The book should appeal to all who find delight in brave and skilful deeds, done in a peaceful cause.

A valuable contribution to the literature of the Civil War is to be found in the "History of the Forty-fifth Regiment, M. V. M." (printed by Wallace Spooner), compiled by Albert W. Mann. Known as the "cadet regiment," it took part in the operations about Newbern, N. C., and especially the battle of Kinston, in 1862-63. The book is not the story of one narrator, but a number of the officers and men give their varied experiences, so that one finds in it a graphic picture of the life of a nine months' volunteer. The volume is profusely illustrated with portraits and reproductions of sketches by the artist, Frank H. Shapleigh, who was a member of the regiment.

James Baker, long known as a contributor to English critical journals, proves a delightful writer of reminiscence in his "Literary and Biographical Studies" (London: Chapman & Hall). Mr. Baker has travelled much in England and on the Continent, and has more than one new tale of Friedrich von Bodenstedt, George Müller, Tennyson, and even Verestchagin, the Russian painter. In "The Home Life of Tom Macaulay" he can chat familiarly about the great historian, for Macaulay lived, for a year or two, very near to Mr. Baker at Clifton. Mr. Baker was also one of the privileged few to invade the secluded home of Blackmore, the novelist, in the outskirts of London, though even then the author of "Lorna Doone," through his dread of publicity, and a certain ill-humor due to physical suffering, forbade the discussion of certain topics while dispensing "pot luck." According to Baker, Blackmore regarded his translation of the Georgics as his best work, notwithstanding the fact that he could get no publisher for it until he had promised to foot the bills himself. The volume contains also a sympathetic review of Heine's "Memoirs," recollections of both Queen Victoria's funeral and that of Tennyson, and a profitable investigation of the books read by Coleridge and Southey, based on a recent discovery of the Bristol Library Society Register recording the intellectual pabulum dispensed to both poets.

The latest instalment of the "New English Dictionary," which has been prepared by Henry Bradley, contains words from Movement to Myzostomous, and completes Vol. VI. The customary table of comparisons shows 3,777 words in this section, where Johnson listed only 293, and 10,072 illustrative quotations where Johnson furnished 687. The mortality rate among the M's has been high; 19 per cent. of the "main words" are now obsolete. On the other hand, 5 per cent. have not yet been admitted to good and regular standing. Though the bulk of this collection is of Greek, and especially of Roman, pedigree, there is a considerable tincture of home-made Mulligrubs and Mubble-fubbles, Oriental Muezzins, Muftis, and Mullahs, American Muck-rakes, Mustangs, and Mugwumps, and other uncouth vocables which would have tickled the horrisonant tongue of Rabelais. It is interesting to note that Mr. and Mrs. are included as independent symbols, having lost their vowels and become emancipated from their Master and Mistress for good and all. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Mr., we are told, was used for Master in any application of the word—one might hew a "Mr. root" from a tree: but eventually the abbreviated form was confined to its

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present use; in the unaccented position the vowel was modified; Mr. became steadily more and more democratic, till its entire nature was transformed. There are many newly coined words here, intended for circulation among the learned—Myzostomous, for example, belonging to an order of "small worms parasitic on crinoids"; but such terms are of little interest to the layman or to one who reads dictionaries for the pleasure of historic associations. Much more piquant is our familiar Mugwump—a word spread wide by the critics of the bolting Republicans in 1884, but borne with greater honor by the Indian chiefs. It may be news to some Americans that the Rev. John Eliot, in his Indian version of the Bible, published in 1653, translated the word "dukes" in the phrase "dukes of the sons of Esau" (Gen. xxxvi, 15) by "Mugwumps." And how many of the younger generation have traced the newly popular Muck-rake back to Bunyan, whose "man with a Muckrake" symbolizes the quest in this vile world for filthy lucre? In the process of time the man with the muck-rake has come to mean one who has a "depraved interest in what is morally unsavory or scandalous"—thus, at any rate, the "New English Dictionary" defines the word. But does that quite cover the species even to-day? Surely the term extends, in compliment or otherwise, over those also who fall to with a will at cleansing Augean stables.

Some pretty German books for children are being published by Joseph Scholz of Mainz. The series called Deutsches Bilderbuch consists of the popular fairy tales in separate editions, large in size and containing, on the average, eight full-page and numerous smaller illustrations. German artists of reputation have aided in presenting most charmingly such old favorites as "Dornröschen," "Aschenbrödel," and "Schneewittchen." There are also books of legends, some of them told by poets like Eberhard Koenig. Some are illustrated by Arpad Schmidthammer, who recalls the robust humor of Wilhelm Busch.

Of the pictorial supplements to general history, literature, and science compiled and edited by German scholars, Könnecke's "Bilderatlas zur Geschichte der deutschen Nationalliteratur," with its facsimiles and portraits, has been one of the most useful aids to students. To bring it within the reach of the general reader a cheap popular edition has just been published under the title, "Deutscher Literaturatlas" (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.). It is edited by Dr. Gustav Könnecke and prefaced by Dr. Christian Muff. There are 825 illustrations, many of them full page, besides a number in photogravure. The work has been brought up to date by the addition of portraits of contemporaneous authors.

Although published only in September, one of the best selling books in Germany is a posthumous volume of rhymes and drawings by the late Wilhelm Busch, entitled "Hernach" (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.).

The little volumes published by Albert Langen of Munich and containing reprints from the famous *Simplicissimus* are excellent examples of the somewhat cynical humor of the modern German. But they are delightfully illustrated by artists like Reznicek, Gulbransson, Heine, Thoma, and others. "Der Backfisch" and the "Simplizissimus-Kalender" are typical of the kind.

One of the newcomers in the German publishing world, Hans von Weber of the Hyperion-Verlag, Munich, is challenging the attention of bibliophiles by his exquisite reprints, among them Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl," Hebbel's "Judith," and a great number of translations from foreign languages. In typography, binding, and illustration each volume is a work of art.

Among the new reprints of German classics, Eckermann's "Gespräche mit Goethe in den letzten Jahren seines Lebens," from the original manuscript, edited with a postlude and an index by Dr. W. H. Houben (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus), is one of the most important. A new edition of the complete works of Immermann, in five volumes, revised and with a critical commentary by Harry Maync, bears the imprint of the Bibliographische Institut of Leipzig. Of a new edition in six volumes of Heinrich von Kleist's complete works and letters, edited by Wilhelm Herzog and published by the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig, the first volume has just been brought out.

A work in three volumes, containing an interesting correspondence, "Wilhelm von Humboldt und Caroline von Humboldt in ihren Briefen" (Berlin: E. S. Mittler & Sohn), is full of illuminating ideas about cosmopolitanism and bureaucracy and reflects the spirit of cultivated Germany in the first decade of the last century. The editor is Anna von Sydow.

An interesting series in German is the Bücher der Weisheit und Schönheit, edited by Jeannot Emil Freiherr von Grotthuss, founder and editor of *Der Türmer*. Each volume contains selections from the writings of one of the world's great men. The catholicity of the collection is remarkable. There is a volume of Beethoven's letters, edited and introduced by Dr. Karl Storck. There are selections from the writings and the letters of Frederick the Great, with some of his conversations with De Catt, edited by Fritz Lienhard. There is a book entitled "Was Goethe sagt," of which Dr. Theo. Achelis is the editor. Other volumes are drawn from the writings of the Grimm brothers, Lucian, Dante, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Gobineau, Darwin, and Kant. The latest addition to the series is a book by Dr. Otto Richter, on Fechner, whose influence upon the younger generation of German writers almost rivals that of Nietzsche.

"La Célèbre Inconnue de Prosper Mérimée" (Paris: E. Sansot) is completely elucidated by Alphonse Lefebre in her life and authentic works (for fictions have been built up around her), with a portrait and drawings from her hand. It has been known for some time that Jenny Dacquin, the Inconnue, took advantage of the loss of her letters when the house of Mérimée was destroyed during the Commune, to publish his letters to her in an expurgated form which shows the writer in rather a ridiculous light. Lucien Pinvert, in what seems to be a doctoral thesis, sums up in a considerable volume the latest that is known "Sur Mérimée" (Paris: Henri Leclere).

The able novelist Louis Bertrand, in a travel book full of real figures and color and written with a master's pen, describes what he actually has seen in "La Grèce du soleil et des paysages," without any classical posing (Paris: Fasquelle).

The New York Public Library is making a notable collection of German Americana. During 1906-7 it received 3,864 volumes and pamphlets of this character from 297 donors in 87 cities. As a result it points to a number of recent works prepared from its material, such as Rudolf Cronau's "Das deutsche Element in den Vereinigten Staaten," which received the Conrad Seipp German memorial prize. The library asks for donations of old German letters, newspapers, periodicals, etc.

The University of Wisconsin has just received a valuable addition to its books for the study of the labor movement by the gift of the extensive library collected by the late Henry Demarest Lloyd. The collection is given to the university by the heirs of Mr. Lloyd, who are interested in the work of the American Bureau of Industrial Research, which has its headquarters in Madison, Wis. The Lloyd collection is particularly rich in material on trade unions, coöperation, socialism, municipal ownership, and monopolies.

At the annual meeting of the Ohio Library Association last month, the question of requiring by law that librarians shall have proper State certificates as a condition of employment in public libraries, was a topic of interest. A form of law embodying the ideas of the legislative committee of the association was presented to the meeting, and after animated debate it was voted that this law should be recommended to the State Legislature. The proposed law would create a State library examining board, which should hold examinations, fix standards, and issue certificates to qualified librarians. As in the case of teachers, the certificates would be graded; and one year after the organization of the examining board, all persons holding positions in tax supported libraries must have a certificate. Exemption from the examination is made for librarians who have been employed for five years, and whose work is judged by the board as satisfactory.

H. E. Legler, secretary of the Wisconsin Library Commission, reports that libraries in that State have multiplied at such a rate, especially within the past five years, that there remains but one city with a population in excess of 3,000 unprovided. Of cities having a population of 1,500 or more, there are now but twelve without libraries.

The fifth annual meeting of the American Political Science Association will be held in Washington and Richmond, December 28-31. The programme includes the following papers: "The Limitations of Federal Government," Stephen Leacock, McGill University; "The Influence of State Politics in Expanding Federal Power," Henry Jones Ford, Princeton; "The Relations of Political Science to History and to Practice," the Right Hon. James Bryce, president of the association; "Ten Years' Rule in Porto Rico," W. F. Willoughby, secretary of Porto Rico; "Ten Years' Rule in the Philippines," James A. Le Roy, Fort Bayard, N. M.; "History and the Philosophy of History," George B. Adams, Yale, president of the American Historical Association; "Some Recent Tendencies in State Consti-

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tutional Development," W. F. Dodd, Johns Hopkins; "Constitutional Revision in Michigan and the Middle West," J. A. Fairlie, University of Michigan; "Constitutional Changes in the New England States since 1900," Allen Johnson, Bowdoin; "The Constitution of Oklahoma," Robert L. Owen, United States Senator from Oklahoma; "The New York Public Service Commission," Milo R. Maltbie, member of the commission; "The Bureau of Municipal Research," the Hon. Henry Bruere, director of the bureau; "The Boston Finance Commission," J. Wells Farley, secretary of the commission; "The National Municipal League," the Hon. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, secretary of the league; a round-table conference on "Methods of Instruction in Municipal Government," conducted by the National Municipal League's Committee on the Coördination of University and Collegiate Instruction, William Bennett Munro, Harvard, chairman, the discussion to be opened by F. J. Goodnow, Columbia; "The Increase of Federal Power under the Commerce Clause of the Constitution," William A. Anderson, attorney-general of Virginia; "The Increased Control of State Activities by the Federal Authorities, Especially by the Federal Courts," Charles A. Moore, Asheville, N. C.; "The Increased Control of State Activities by the Federal Courts," R. B. Scott, University of Wisconsin; "Aerial Navigation in its Relation to International Law," Arthur K. Kuhn, New York City; "The Law of Nature in Early American Diplomacy," Jesse S. Reeves, Dartmouth. The sessions of the American Historical Association, the Bibliographical Society of America, and the Mississippi Valley Historical Association will be held at the same times and places.

The plans for a suitable recognition, under the auspices of the Cambridge Historical Society, of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes are rapidly taking shape. The society will devote to this purpose its regular spring meeting, Tuesday evening, April 27, 1909, The meeting, to be held in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, will be open to the public. President Eliot will preside. Brief addresses will also be made by Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson of Concord, son of the philosopher, who was associated with Holmes in the famous Saturday Club; by Dr. David Williams Cheever, professor of surgery, emeritus, in the Harvard Medical School, who was the assistant of Dr. Holmes when the latter was professor in the Medical School; by the Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge; and by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who was the personal friend of the poet. This recognition of the poet's centenary very properly will take place in Cambridge, where Holmes was born and reared, and where his father, Dr. Abiel Holmes, was pastor of the First Church for nearly forty years.

The Nobel peace prize has been awarded to K. F. Arnoldson of Sweden and M. F. Bajer of Denmark. The other awards are as follows: Literature, Prof. Rudolf Eucken of Jena University; physics, Prof. Gabriel Lippmann of the University of Paris; chemistry, Prof. Ernest Rutherford, director of the physical laboratory of the University of Manchester, England; medicine, divided between Dr. Paul Ehrlich of Berlin and Prof. Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, Paris. Mr. Arnoldson and Mr. Bajer are ex-parliamentarians. Professor Eucken, now sixty-two years old, studied philology, history, and philosophy at Göttingen. He was professor of philosophy at Basle from 1871 to 1874, and has since held the same chair at Jena. He is the author of numerous works on religion and philosophy. Last year he published a work on the "Higher Problems of the Religion and Philosophy of the Present Day," which is supposed to be the basis of the award for "the most remarkable literary work of an idealistic nature." Professor Lippmann is commander of the Legion of Honor, member of the French Academy of Sciences and the Bureau of Longitudes. He is a native of Luxemburg, but his parents were French. He is an expert in acoustics and optics, electricity, and thermodynamics, has made sensational discoveries in color photography, and has written extensively on all these subjects. Professor Rutherford was born in New Zealand, in 1871; was educated at the New Zealand University and Cambridge; and was professor of physics at McGill University, Montreal, from 1898 until he went to his present post in 1907. He has devoted much attention to radio-activity and the ionization of gases by Röntgen and Becquerel rays, and has published many papers on these topics. Dr. Paul Ehrlich was born in 1854 in Schleswig and studied in Breslau, Strassburg, Freiburg, and Leipzig. He has contributed to various departments of medical knowledge, including the nature and treatment of tuberculosis, diphtheria, anæmia, and cancer. He holds many medical honors and offices in Germany, and is an Imperial Privy Councillor. Dr. Metchnikoff has been a professor at the Pasteur Institute for several years. He is a member of the Paris Academy of Medicine and of the Royal Society of London. His publications include "The Nature of Man" and "Immunity in Infective Diseases." Recently he has attracted popular attention by advocating kumiss as an aid to longevity.

Dr. Cyrus Northrop, who has been president of the University of Minnesota since 1884, will resign at the end of the present college year. He was born at Ridgefield, Conn., in 1834, and was graduated from Yale in 1857. From 1863 to 1884 he was professor of rhetoric and English literature at Yale.

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, a clever and popular novelist, died in this city December 14. He was born here in 1856, studied engineering, and for a time practised that profession. His bent, however, was rather toward painting and literature. His pictures were clever and have appeared in a number of exhibitions, but he was more successful in literature. His novels are: "The Inn of the Silver Moon" (1900), "The Last of the Knickerbockers" (1901), "Myra of the Pines" (1902), and "Heartbreak Hill" (1908) (see the *Nation* of October 1, p. 318). He wrote one volume of verse, "Random Verse" (1903), and one play, "The House of Silence" (1906).

The death of Donald Grant Mitchell ("Ik Marvel") on December 15, at the age of eighty-six, is reported from New Haven, Conn., as we go to press. We must reserve till next week discussion of his life and work.

FERRERO'S ROME.

The Greatness and Decline of Rome. By Guglielmo Ferrero; translated by H. J. Chaytor. Vol. III: The Fall of an Aristocracy. Vol. IV: Rome and Egypt. Pp. 342, 291. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net each.

The third and fourth volume of Signor Ferrero's notable history, which make their appearance in English dress just as its author begins his American lectures, are devoted to the years which intervened between the death of Cæsar and the departure of Augustus for the East, B. C. 21. The work grows in detail as it advances, the length of time comprised within the third volume being but half of that covered in the second, and while there is no loss of interest, we confess to disappointment that a writer whose merit lies on the side of insight and literary skill, rather than of profound investigation, should be drawn more and more into the minutiæ of his subject. It is true that our sources of information for the earlier part of this period are unusually full, thanks especially to Cicero's correspondence, but the extent of our knowledge of events is no criterion of their historical importance, and even Ferrero's theory of the significance of infinitesimal social forces cannot give value to these years of low intrigue and political vacillation. No great principle is at stake, no great problem is being worked out. Cæsar is gone, and his successor has not yet come—that is the substance of it all.

As in the earlier volumes, the chronological order is closely followed, but the result is far different from the bare and colorless annals of the official history of the early Romans, which Ferrero, in contrast to the "artistic and psychological" method of Sallust which he himself professes, styles "as dry and absurd a mode of narration as the critical and scientific historical methods which certain pedants would revive today." Social and economic conditions are strongly emphasized, although with a certain lack of continuity due to the strictly chronological arrangement. To Ferrero it was a sordid age, caring little for Cæsar, but much for Cæsar's money, and for the wealth that had been acquired through his acts. "If the republic is lost, at any rate save our property," wrote Atticus to Cicero, with a selfishness which "implied the risk of losing not only the republic, but also the property." There was no social stability or moral strength, and the proscriptions only laid bare the cruelty and cowardice of a generation "far weaker than the men of Cæsar's day in its fear of death and poverty." The civil war hastened the economic decline, one symptom of which was the throng of vagabond philosophers who preached an asceticism which "has invariably been

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a flourishing philosophy in times of want." There was, however, a good side to this ostentatious poverty, for men were forced to husband their resources and the movement back to the land was stimulated. The revival of Italian agriculture was "the great achievement of the hundred and fifty years which had elapsed since the death of the Gracchi." The Georgics and Varro's great treatise on scientific husbandry were both begun in 37 B. C., the year with which the third volume closes, and its final pages leave us in the serene atmosphere of Virgil's "immortal hymn to the plough, an implement which, quite as much as the sword, enabled the Romans to conquer Italy."

Such efforts to correlate literature with the facts of external history are useful, even if sometimes forced. Each of the Eclogues is brought into connection with the events of the time, the glorification of Octavian's agrarian legislation in the first of them being characterized as the earliest attempt to "make bucolic poetry a medium for the treatment of what we should now call a question of the hour." Cicero's "De Officiis," though mediocre as a philosophical treatise, is recommended to the close attention of historians as a most important document, because of its theory of the possibility of a social and moral regeneration for Rome. The introduction of Horace to Mæcenas is duly chronicled among the events of the year 39; the Thirteenth Epode is localized in the camp before Philippi; and the satire describing the journey to Brundisium, which Gibbon tells us he read with geography rather than poetry for his object, is used to furnish evidence of the deserted condition of the country and the decline of the aristocracy. The Odes reflect the manifold aspects of "the general antagonism in which Italy was involved at the close of the civil war, and in which she was to struggle for a whole century, the antagonism between the Latin principle and the Greek Oriental principle of social life, between the state considered as an instrument of rule and as an instrument of refined civilization, between Roman militarism and Asiatic culture." These contradictory aspirations, whose varying phases Horace expresses without attempting to reconcile, the Æneid unites "in a magnificent but imperfect whole" which is "the voice not merely of a poet but of an epoch."

The period covered in these volumes offers less opportunity for those appreciations of persons which give so much flavor to their predecessors, but the characterizations are not lacking in point or vigor. Of the triumvirs, Antony was, with all his defects, "the one remarkable personality." "A man of powerful frame and active mind, daring and generous, but sensual, imprudent, proud, and violent," he had entered political life as "a career of glorious piracy" and pursued it wildly with varying fortunes until the position in which he was placed by Cæsar's murder compelled him to exercise prudence and reflection. In the days of doubt which followed he tried to steer a middle course between the popular party and the conservatives, and even at Cæsar's funeral, instead of delivering the inflammatory speech with which he is generally credited, Ferrero holds, following Suetonius, that he only added a few perfunctory words (*per pauca*) to the reading of the Senatorial decree. His acts of decision were due to the influence of his brother Lucius and his wife Fulvia, a woman who had become by character and training "the stormy petrel of revolution," and had married Antony "as if it had been her destiny to become the wife of every leading agitator in Rome in turn." As the author observes:

> It has constantly happened that great historical figures like Antony have been overcome by hesitation when about to stake their fortunes upon one supreme cast, and that they have decided to act, merely under the persuasion of lesser known and less intelligent characters, whose obscurity and ignorance had enabled them to preserve greater coolness and courage at a critical moment.

In Antony's later years the dominating influence was, of course, Cleopatra; but to Ferrero their relations constitute an episode in world-politics rather than a romantic love-story, their marriage being dictated not by passion, but by considerations of political advantage. Antony, who had endured with equanimity three years of separation from Cleopatra, needed the treasure of Egypt for his Eastern campaigns, while Cleopatra hoped to save Egypt from subjection to Rome and make it the centre of a new empire. The struggle with Octavian thus became, not a struggle for monarchical power at Rome, but the last desperate effort of the only Mediterranean state which still retained its independence. The fundamental reason for Antony's defeat was neither the valor of his adversary nor his own defective strategy, but "the hopeless inconsistency of his double-faced policy, which, while professing to be republican and Roman, was actually Egyptian and monarchical." Ferrero is not the first to emphasize the Eastern aspects of this contest, and his narrative follows in the main that of Bouché-Leclercq, but he goes further than his predecessors at many points, and makes a number of interesting suggestions, especially in his interpretation of the acts of Cleopatra, whom he credits with a high degree of intelligence. He is likely, however, to be ingenious rather than convincing, and he seems to us to leave unsolved the great enigma of the flight at Actium.

Cicero's personality and place in history are summed up in the following striking passage, illuminating, in spite of its exaggerations:

> Cicero was the first of those men of letters who have been throughout the history of our civilization either the pillars of state or the workers of revolution; the great company of rhetoricians, lawyers, and publicists under the pagan empire are succeeded by the apologists and fathers of the church; monks, lawyers, theologians, doctors, and readers appear in the Middle Ages; humanists at the time of the Renaissance; encyclopædists appear in the eighteenth century in France; barristers, journalists, political writers, and professors in our own day. Cicero may have made many a grave political error, but none the less his historical importance can compare with that of Cæsar, and is but little inferior to that of St. Paul or St. Augustine. He had, moreover, all the fine qualities of the dynasty which he founded, and of their defects only the most venial. He was one of those unusual characters, rarely to be found even in the world of thought and letters, who have no ambition for power, no thirst for wealth, but merely the far nobler desire, whatever the vanity which it implies, to become the objects of admiration. Of all the men who governed the Roman world in that day, Cicero, alone amid the frightful political debasement of his time, had not wholly lost that sense of good and evil which may not raise a man above petty weaknesses, but at any rate withholds him from criminal excesses and extravagance. He alone attempted to govern the world, not with the foolish obstinacy of Cato, or with the cynical opportunism of others, but upon a rational system based upon loyalty to republican tradition amid the prevailing disorder, based upon the effort to harmonize the austere virtues of the Latin race with the art and wisdom of the Greeks and to disseminate throughout the Roman aristocracy that sense of equity and moderation which can often mollify the constitutional brutality or blindness of the principle that might is right. Historians have jested lightly upon Cicero and his Utopias; his contemporaries must have thought more of them, seeing that fifteen years later they attempted to put many of them into practice.

This attempt to carry out Cicero's ideas was, according to Ferrero, made by no less a person than Octavian himself, who "spent forty-one years in uninterrupted effort to realize the programme of political and social regeneration developed by Cicero in the 'De Officiis.'" A man of letters rather than of action, possessing "not so much overwhelming energy as cold intellectual power," Octavian resembled Cicero rather than Cæsar, whose real political heir was Antony; and the government which Octavian set up was neither a dyarchy nor yet a monarchy hidden beneath republican forms, but an honest effort to restore the republic under a constitutional ruler with powers "resembling those of the Federal President of America." It is to Ferrero inconceivable that the republicanism of Rome, which has done so much to stimulate democracy in modern times, was dead

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after the battle of Actium, and, the time not being ripe for a monarchy, he accepts at their face value Octavian's professions of his desire to reëstablish the republic. Nowhere else does the author more boldly challenge current views of Roman history, but to challenge is not to disprove, and, if these views are to be established, it must be by a more patient examination of evidence than he seems willing to make. It must be said, however, that he tries to look at the problem from the point of view of the age itself, and it is only fair to reserve our judgment until the whole history of the reign of Augustus has been placed before us. One quality Ferrero has still to show before he can do full justice to the constitutional work of Augustus, namely, a certain legal sense. The Romans were a lawyerly people, careful to square themselves, as far as possible, with formal legality, and a large part of their history is intelligible only when this fact is borne in mind. We are inclined to agree with Ferrero that Mommsen has often carried the lawyer's method too far, especially by "importing legal ideas of excessive rigidity into the study of revolutionary epochs"; but the epoch to which we have now come is not revolutionary, and the establishment of the principate is in large measure a problem in constitutional law which demands a legal mind for its full comprehension.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Virgin in Judgment. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

After Mr. Phillpotts's recent sally in sensational romance, it is reassuring to find him returned safely to his solid ground of Dartmoor and its peasantry. This is a fit companion for "The Whirlwind": there was a study of Ceres, of benignly yielding and maternal womanhood; and here is a complementary study of Artemis. This story has, to be sure, its own potential Demeter, tragically undone—not in the conventional way—by her own innocence and insatiable generosity, as the virgin Rhoda is undone by her fierce instinctive distrust of men and women in any generous relation. The mature and beautiful woman, with her hard eye and cold disdain of males and mothers, her fondness for puppies and indifference to children, is a monster in the sight of her fellow-rustics, and, one feels, despite his honest efforts as her apologist, in that of her creator. Indeed, if it were not for the paradox of her robust beauty and the alleviating fact of her devotion to her brother, she might be dismissed as the mere mischief-making prude. That is the part she plays, and it hardly seems that the eventual alienation from the single object of her regard is too great a punishment. Nevertheless, it is this stern she and her equally stern brother who are the tragic figures. The lover whom she scorns and wrongs is of too volatile and eager a nature to be more than dashed by his misadventure; and the gentle wife, who is yet more cruelly wronged by her, dies fitly the death of an Ophelia—a creature pathetically inadequate to cope with this harsh world.

These are, after all, merely the most dramatically salient figures to be encountered upon Mr. Phillpotts's "Ringmoor Down." The principal charm of this book will lie for many readers in its picture of the rustic community as a whole, the place and the people as they exist day by day, without regard to the exigencies of any novelist, even of Mr. Phillpotts. The writer's chief distinction lies, perhaps, in his well-nigh Shakespearean respect and liking for simple and dull people. There is nothing of the satirical rogue in his treatment of them, no sharpness or condescension or desire to use them as copy. The group of worthies about Mr. Shillabeer's bar obviously do not discourse for somebody taking notes. Their arguments have the delicious inconsequence of every-day life. And from the midst of their humdrum, flashes of true philosophy and poety—an essence wrung from hard experience—emerge. Thus that ex-prizefighter and publican, "Dumpling" Shillabeer, on his dead wife:

> And she took such delight in everyday things, owing to being town-bred, that when I look at a sow with young, or a pony and foal, or the reds in the sky at evening, or a fall of snow, they all put me in mind of her. For whether it was a budding tree, or a fish in a pool, or one of they bumbling bees in a bit of clover, everything made that woman happier.

The story's teller's descriptions of the moor country have their usual imaginative power. It were idle to quote snatches of them here, though more than one passage is a temptation. They contribute largely to that sense of a true atmosphere—a very different matter from "local color"—which is felt in all Mr. Phillpotts's most characteristic work.

Corrie Who? By Maximilian Foster. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

When the reader has once finished the first chapter of Mr. Foster's book and has discovered that it is *not* a novel of society, he will settle down to 460 additional pages of as charming a piece of light fiction as he is likely to come across in many a day. Corrie is a young girl who lives as companion to a wonderful Mrs. Pinchin and seeks painfully to find out Corrie Who and Corrie What she is. It is a story of mystery, handled very skilfully. Those desirable elements in a tale of this kind—suspense and suspicion—are to be had in abounding measure. But the volume possesses, in addition, exceptional charm of style and one delightfully elaborate character, the amazing Mrs. Pinchin to whom we have referred, the villain of the story. She is an elephantine and volcanic woman, with a limp and a cane having a fearfully prehensile hook at one end. She stuffs, guzzles, grunts at table, and dominates nearly every one in the book by sheer force of will and mind. Mrs. Pinchin and one of her enemies, Mr. Biggamore, have, to a high degree, the flavor of Dickens. Their presence in a story of mystery gives Mr. Foster's novel a strong family resemblance to "Edwin Drood."

Vronina. By Owen Rhoscomyl. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The people of Southwestern England and Wales—King Arthur's Land—surely have no equal for passionate love of country, if we may judge from what their novelists feel. When it comes to a story of Devon, Cornwall, or the counties north of Bristol Channel, crag, moor, and sea are not the mere setting for human action; they enter into the tale as veritable protagonists, always conditioning the movements of the small human actors, dominating them, and often crushing them. It requires skill to handle such vast scenic props without plunging into sheer nature worship or, what is worse, boring the reader. In that respect the author of "Vronina" has been successful, though not by a wide margin. His Welsh hero and heroine are as strong and as mystic as his Welsh hills and moors. The novel suffers from starting out at too high an emotional pitch, and the style is very rhetorical. Mr. Rhoscomyl has, however, written with great sincerity about people who are impossibly good, bad, beautiful, strong, and primitive. There is an excellent tavern brawl in the early part of the book, an effective description of a night of storm in the mountains, and, as a companion picture, an all-night revival meeting.

The Tent Dwellers. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: The Outing Publishing Co.

This is that rarest of things, a book of out-door life written simply, swiftly, and honestly. It is the story of a three weeks' fishing trip in Nova Scotia, and Mr. Paine is to be congratulated on having got away from the time-honored formula for all books of this kind; namely, that there shall be immense preparations for the joys of open-air life, followed by the sad realities of wet feet, a cold in the head, washing dishes, and catching very little fish; that there shall be an unlucky and addleheaded member of the party whose adventures keep all his companions in good humor; and that little by little there shall steal into the heart of the disgruntled city-dwellers the knowledge

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and love of the silence and mystery of the woods, the feeling of kinship with nature, etc. It is true that now and then Mr. Paine is tempted to speak of his companion Eddie in a manner that reminds us of Harris in "Three Men in a Boat." But the lapses are rare and are readily forgiven in view of the absence of startling adventure, miraculous feats of woodcraft, and excessive zoölogizing, botanizing, or philosophizing. To have made so fascinating an account of some weeks of quiet fishing, canoeing, and camping in the rain, is an achievement. To come sane out of the woods and have your publishers inflict on you as hideous a book-cover as Mr. Paine's publishers have bestowed upon him, is, we suppose, only one of the tragedies of civilization.

A Venture in 1777. By S. Weir Mitchell. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

A spirited little story for boys, old and young, with a glimpse of Washington and Valley Forge. There is over it all the touch of the expert in the handling of matters literary and military, so that nothing of exaggeration mars the tale. To read it should be a Christmas pleasure for patriots, mischievous boys, and lovers of both. Further, it should benefit a "most Christian labor," the Church Home for Children near Philadelphia. To it Dr. Mitchell dedicates the proceeds of his "Venture," in a preface speaking his admiration and sympathy.

The United States as a World Power. By Archibald Cary Coolidge. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Professor Coolidge's book has interest from two points of view. As an historical sketch, it passes in rapid review those episodes in American history which have brought the United States particularly into contact with other Powers. Thus, we have chapters on the Monroe Doctrine, the Spanish war and its resulting colonialism, the Isthmian Canal, the relations of the United States with France, Germany, Russia, England, Canada, and Latin America, and the contact with Asia on the Pacific. While the narrative disclaims pretence of originality, it shows throughout a good acquaintance with authorities, especially those of a diplomatic character; and as a piece of summarization is extremely well done. Professor Coolidge neither skims nor distorts his subject: there are no merely superficial generalizations, on the one hand, nor, on the other, any effort to make the whole of American history turn about its international relations.

This much, however, was doubtless to be expected. The other aspect of Professor Coolidge's work, and the one in anticipation of which many will doubtless be chiefly impelled to read the book, has to do with its estimate of the general position and influence of the United States as a world power. "World power" with us is, of course, a compound of idealism and business. That a genuine and widespread belief in and love of liberty, a sincere desire to give spread and vogue to it, a sensitive humanitarian interest in the welfare of the race, a hatred of oppression and injustice, and a willingness to venture something on a generous impulse, have been influences of great potency in determining our attitude towards the rest of the world, is as much beyond cavil as is the fact that the demands of a cosmopolitan and rapidly growing population, the imperative need of markets for our manufactures, and our genius for business organization, force the United States to the front of the world-struggle for supremacy and place. It is one of the great merits of Professor Coolidge's book that he appreciates the significance of both of these influences, and not only gives to each its due weight, but also shows, more clearly than any other recent writer in this field, their combined effect in the development of a national temper and a national policy.

To say of an historical work that its treatment is sympathetic is often taken to imply that its point of view is, after all, a bit provincial or apologetic; but nothing could be farther from the truth than to draw such an inference in this case. If there be one characteristic, next to sufficient learning, which Professor Coolidge displays, it is that of generous cosmopolitanism. Singularly well-versed in the political history of Eastern Europe and of Asia, he is able to draw his illustrations from a wide range, and to view the progress of world power from the standpoint of the peoples upon whom the rigors of empire and "influence" most heavily fall. Yet he is not wholly unaffected by associates and associations. We cannot imagine, for example, that certain of his pages will meet with approval in German inner circles; or that all Englishmen will relish his frank declaration that the United States would have done well to get Canada in 1783; or that Japanese statesmen would fail to detect a slight tenderness in the treatment of Russia. On the other hand, the author does not conceal his convictions. He does not spare either England or France, or estimate Latin-American agitators above their deserts. Being an historian, he does not prophesy overmuch. He sees, indeed, no immediate likelihood of dispensing with the Philippines, and some prospect that we may have to take Cuba; but the Isthmian Canal can hardly fail to help somewhat in the solution of both these problems on their international side. As for the war cloud in the East, that has admittedly a dark fringe; but the economic forces which are operating to dispel it are at least as strong, for the moment, as the political forces which would aid its growth. For the problem of alien races, whether in this country or elsewhere, there is, apparently, no solution save that of getting along as well as we can with the peoples that are not Anglo-Saxon.

In short, our world mission, as Professor Coolidge conceives it, is that of peaceful, though inevitable, conquest—the victory of ideas and of economic forces rather than of arms. That Americans have thought well of themselves and their motives is not, in his judgment, a greater sin because the opinion has been, in preponderant measure, well founded; nor are their achievements in diplomacy, or, for that matter, in domestic government, the less imposing because so often due to good luck. That we are visibly awaking, albeit with irritating slowness, to the responsibilities of world power, that we are feeling increasingly the need of training and efficiency in public service, and that we still give genuine response to moral appeal, constitute for him the sure ground of confidence that beneficence, not disaster, may continue to attend the career of the United States as a world power.

In a field which, like this of world politics, changes daily before our eyes, no writer can hope to make a definitive contribution; and it can be no disparagement of Professor Coolidge to say that his book will be superseded. For the time being, however, and within its sphere, it is justly entitled to recognition as a work of real distinction. It has substance as well as symmetry and form; it is void of dogmatism or special pleading, but it moves the reader to thought; it handles serious and complicated questions with a light touch, but the impression of its solid qualities is the impression that remains.

Egypt and Its Monuments. By Robert Hichens; illustrated with reproductions of paintings by Jules Guerin and with photographs. New York: The Century Co. $6 net.

The value of the impressions of a popular writer of fiction among the monuments of the Nile is not to be measured with the yard-stick of the archæologist or the historian. The question may be fairly raised, however, as to the value of such casual impressions when they become almost purely subjective—merely a series of meditations, which, while disclosing the inner life of a writer of insight and rather graceful and delicate fancy, are nevertheless far from such a revelation of genius as would give them significance for their own sake. In this book the monuments rarely speak; we constantly listen to Mr. Hichens, to the inevitable "I": "One

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day I sat in the temple," "I sat quite still in the sun," "I looked about me," "I sat very still," "I . . . sat down on a warm block of stone." Those who find the personality of Mr. Hichens of greater interest than the monuments, those who are satisfied to float away into a cloudland which might as well hang above one temple as another, or equally well above Sicily or Greece, should by all means read this volume. But the reader must not demand even the vaguest knowledge of the great past. Matter-of-fact persons may, however, venture to ask: What should you say of a walk in Florence with one who knew no distinction between the men who preceded and those who followed Raphael, but mingled them all in one confused rhapsody? To Mr. Hichens's uninformed, undiscriminating mood the cumbrous, vulgar, and debased colonnades of the decadence are as suggestive as the soaring lines of Amenhotep III's splendid court at Luxor, the noblest colonnades on the Nile. Indeed, it is the architecture of the decadent twentieth dynasty that appeals to Mr. Hichens as most striking in "nobility" and "simplicity"; to him it is "extraordinarily classical" and "wonderfully elegant."

Could not the actual objective facts presented by the monuments of Egypt be made the food for meditations full of literary charm, warm with the human and picturesque appeal of the East, and pervaded with that subtle mystery of age with which the greatest ruins of the Nile are instinct? Cannot the Great Pyramid speak to us as the earliest and most impressive surviving witness to the emergence of organized man from prehistoric chaos? Instead of a line —a single line on the terraced pyramid of Sakkara—could not that structure be interpreted as a transition form, pointing us unequivocally back into the dim ages behind the Great Pyramid to the germ out of which the pyramid form grew? Should Karnak tell us no story of the seventeen hundred years (2000-300 B. C.) during which it was building, no hint of the long tangle of harem intrigues and court tragedies which have been wrought into its walls, where one may still discern grim traces of the rise and fall of Egypt's greatest princes, as court coteries and priestly partisans elevated or overthrew them? Some vague suggestion of all this seems to have haunted Mr. Hichens at Karnak, for he says:

> Thothmes III, Thothmes I, Shishak, who smote the kneeling prisoners and vanquished Jeroboam, Medamut, and Mut, Amenhotep I, and Amenhotep II—all have left their records or been celebrated at Karnak. Purposely I mingled them in my mind—did not attempt to put them in their proper order, or even to disentangle gods and goddesses from conquerors and kings (p. 80).

It is much to be doubted whether any of his readers can disentangle Mr. Hichens here; for just at this point his eye fell on the wrong place in the guide-book, and "Medamut," the name of a *modern Arab village* behind Karnak, slipped in among the gods and Pharaohs celebrated in the great temple! In fine, allusions plucked at random from an ancient guide-book cannot reproduce the subtle atmosphere of the East, nor can a few catch-words of Islam, strewn among lurid epithets intended to paint the dying day and the hushed hour of prayer at sunset, imbue the reader with the elusive spirit of the Moslem world, as do the less pretentious sentences of simpler men, who were steeped in the life and lore of the Orient, men like Lane, Doughty, and Burton. The lazy life of the dahabiyeh voyage is well portrayed by the author; but as for the rest, it is current magazine pabulum, extremely attenuated.

The text is reinforced by Jules Guerin's paintings, twenty in number, reproduced by the three-color process. These works are highly sensational, extremely stylized, Parisian posters. They are all striking, and often original. A few are very effective; but they, too, are for the most part as subjective and imaginative as the author's text. Guerin does not possess the power of line and splendid sense of form displayed in the etchings of the Nile monuments by Ulbrich. He has failed utterly, for example, to catch the majestic symmetry of Luxor, the greatest architecture on the Nile. His rendering of Abu Simbel is grotesquely impossible and suggests little of the sombre majesty of the place. He is, however, deeply imbued with the impressiveness of hoary age, and is not infrequently successful in conveying it. As to color, no one ever saw such tones along the Nile as these pictures offer. Especially is this true of the blazing red costumes, which are wholly imaginary, like the army which Guerin marches before the Sphinx. That the work is thus emphasized and arbitrarily "touched up," is decisively shown by the moon, inserted in a position impossible in Egypt. Forty excellent half-tones, chiefly from stereographs by Underwood & Underwood, also embellish the volume. The publishers have given it sumptuous and, with the exception of the outside cover design, very pleasing form—a form worthy of a better work.

Charles Dickens. By Frederic G. Kitton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.50 net.

Mr. Kitton has busied himself for many years with the subject of this volume, and the Dickens market is now undeniably strong. It is, therefore, painful to say that his 504-page addition to the Dickens literature does not really justify its existence. It has no critical value of its own, and it owes little or nothing to the craftsmanship of Gissing, to the scholarship of Mr. Ward, to the originality of Mr. Chesterton, or to the critical studies of any other Dickensians. It must be judged purely as a contribution to biography. Thirty-five years ago, John Forster, Dickens's life-long and most intimate friend, literary adviser and executor, wrote a life of the novelist which Carlyle, who knew something of such matters, ranked among biographies with Boswell's "Johnson." Since that time, many others have contributed biographical sketches useful for their brevity or interesting for their amplification of portions of the authoritative life; but no one till Mr. Kitton has attempted to supersede Forster. Mr. Kitton, however—if we take his preface at its face value—believes that the "wealth of fresh matter" inaccessible to Forster warranted the rewriting of the entire life. He emphasizes particularly the "immense field for research" in the "printed letters of Charles Dickens (the majority of which were unknown to Forster)," and congratulates himself on his ability to supply from them "those autobiographical touches so useful to the historian." That is a curious point. Now as a matter of fact, Forster drew copiously from his own incomparable collection of letters for these same autobiographical touches, and, though he had access to many others, used them sparingly, because his own were much more intimate and illuminating; "to have added all such others as were open to me," he says, "would have doubled the size of my book, not contributed to it a new fact of life or character." Yet one who reads this new life without reference to Forster may well be convinced that Mr. Kitton has turned up a great mass of new material of all sorts. Unfortunately, however, a comparative examination of the two biographies shows that practically everything of value in Mr. Kitton's has been conveyed out of Forster's and the fact slurred over by inadequate acknowledgment of indebtedness.

This method of writing biography may be roughly illustrated as follows: (1) Forster compares the memory of Dickens with that of Scott, and observes that David Copperfield thought he could remember his first attempts at walking. This, said David, may be only a fancy. Mr. Kitton also compares the memory of Dickens with that of Scott, and says that Dickens could remember his first attempts at walking—without citing authority or making any acknowledgment to Forster. (2) Mr. Kitton frequently quotes Dickens without giving any reference; in a large number of cases these quotations are from letters to Forster, included in Forster's life. (3) Mr. Kitton quotes very freely from the letters and conversation of Dickens's friends—"Carlyle said," or "Jeffrey said," etc.

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—without indicating his source; in almost all such cases, the source is Forster. A striking case of this disingenuousness occurs in connection with the account of Dickens's early life; no one would suspect that the "old schoolfellows," whose testimony is so interesting, had not communicated it directly to Mr. Kitton, instead of sending it to Forster, who incorporated it in his book. (4) In order to bear out the preface, Mr. Kitton frequently refers the reader in footnotes to "The Letters of Charles Dickens"; in very many instances, the passages which he cites are in Forster. (5) One of the most absurd attempts to give the impression of fresh material is a reference to "Charles Dickens as I Knew Him," by George Dolby, as authority for certain words of Forster, dissuading Dickens from going to America; it is difficult to understand why Mr. Kitton did not quote Forster's precise words as given by Forster. The fact of the matter is that if Mr. Kitton had acknowledged in every case his indebtedness to Forster, the superfluousness of his book would have been obvious to everybody. It is in its total effect an abridgment of the work of his predecessor: What it suppresses—the intimate comment and criticism of Dickens's bosom friend—is of the highest interest and value; what it adds—a few scraps of information and letters—does not contribute any new and important "fact of life or character."

Science.

VACCINATION AGAINST TYPHOID.

The decision of the army medical board, which met in Washington last week, to adopt for the army vaccination again typhoid fever, is not a radical venture into an unexplored field. On the contrary, it is another case where the extreme conservatism of our military men has resulted in our falling far behind other and more progressive services. Not until this year is there found in any publication of the Surgeon-General a reference to immunizing against typhoid, and this despite our harrowing and largely unnecessary losses from this disease in our camps of 1898-99. In his recently published report, Surgeon-General O'Reilly speaks of foreign armies as now being much interested in "the difficulties in the way of controlling the factors concerned in the spread of the disease," and "endeavoring to render their soldiers immune to typhoid by means of anti-typhoid vaccination." He does not record that more than ten years ago British medical officers were at work upon this problem.

It was Sir Almroth Wright, then only Capt. Wright, of the British Medical Corps, who invented, about 1898, a typhoid vaccine full of promise. It was first tried in India, where it was optional with the soldier to take the treatment or not. Among those vaccinated, however, as medical observers soon noticed, the number of typhoid cases was precisely one-half of those among the unvaccinated, and the comparative death rate was even more strikingly lowered. The Royal College of Physicians of London reported favorably on the inoculations as far back as 1903, and, except for eighteen months, when, owing to a misunderstanding, the practice was forbidden, it has been in constant use ever since. Because enteric fever was their worst enemy in their costly campaign against the Herreros in Southwest Africa, the Germans naturally tried vaccination with valuable results. Inoculation with killed agar cultures reduced the death rate considerably. In 424 cases, of which 324 were not inoculated, and 100 were, there was a mortality of 11.9 per cent. among those not inoculated and of 7 per cent. among the others. It is not, however, generally believed that inoculation, as we know it now, is going to do much where the patients have been stricken with the disease. It is in prevention that the hope lies; and though Sir Almroth Wright's statistics have been severely criticised, both the French and Italian armies have met with considerable success in experimenting along his lines. It is hard to understand, therefore, why our Medical Corps is only to-day awakening to its opportunities.

The method of preparing and using the vaccine is relatively simple. Colonies of typhoid bacilli, from which all other germs have been carefully excluded, are grown in the laboratories. These highly virulent mixtures are then killed by heat, standardized as to strength, treated with a small quantity of antiseptic to preserve them, and are then set away until needed. Vaccination itself is by means of a hypodermic syringe, two doses being usually given, often separated by an interval of days. The first dose contains several hundred million dead typhoid bacilli, and the second about twice as many. As a rule, the vaccination is no more annoying to the patient than is the smallpox vaccine. There is a slight redness and swelling at the point of inoculation, and some fever, which, however, rapidly subsides. The second injection greatly increases the degree of protection, and there have been, we believe, as yet no such unfavorable developments as have sometimes followed in the wake of smallpox vaccination and have caused the organization of anti-vaccination societies throughout the world.

There is still considerable difference of opinion as to the length of time during which the protective effect of typhoid inoculation lasts. According to reports lately received from India, the best workers believe that the immunization lasts six years. As the statistics quoted above show, there is no guarantee of absolute immunity, but it is now generally agreed, as is stated by Dr. Edwin O. Jordan, professor of bacteriology in the University of Chicago, in his new "Text Book of General Bacteriology" (see the *Nation* of December 3, p. 556), that protective inoculation is desirable even in times of peace wherever attendants in hospitals have to deal with numbers of typhoid cases. It is hoped, too, that in serious epidemics among civilian communities, typhoid vaccination may come to be an important means of staying the spread of the disease. Had it been used extensively in Philadelphia, for instance, during the recent typhoid epidemics, due to bad drinking water, many lives might have been saved. At least one British missionary association has recommended that all of its members going to tropical regions where enteric fever is endemic, subject themselves to inoculation before their departure.

One of the most notable things about the action taken last week at Washington is the composition of the board itself. Only one member of it is in the regular medical service—Gen. O'Reilly; the others are Dr. V. C. Vaughan of the University of Michigan, Prof. W. T. Councilman of Harvard, Dr. Simon Flexner, director of the Rockefeller Institute, Prof. W. S. Thayer of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, Dr. John H. Musser of the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Alexander Lambert of this city, professor of clinical medicine in the Cornell Medical school. All of these distinguished men, and others besides, have recently affiliated themselves with the army as first lieutenants of the new Medical Reserve Corps. Under the law reorganizing the medical department of the army, physicians and surgeons thus appointed may be called into active service at any time there is need for them, either as members of boards or as professional adjuncts. If by frequent consultation with distinguished men of this character, the Medical Corps can be rendered more progressive, the army will benefit enormously, and so will science. While there are a number of valuable and progressive medical officers in the army, the extreme conservatism of the heads of the department has too often kept them in the background and has driven men like the late Major Walter Reed and Col. W. C. Gorgas to find fame and reward in what is not really military medical work. Perhaps the new Surgeon-General, Col. George H. Torney, who takes office next month, will be able to inoculate his branch of the military service with a virus of radical progressiveness.

As usual, the annual report for 1907 of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution

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consists chiefly of reprints of the year's most important scientific memoirs. Charles A. Parsons's essay on "The Steam Turbine on Land and Sea," is a popular historical sketch, very different from Prof. A. Turpain's "Development of Mechanical Composition in Printing," which follows it. Professor Turpain's account of the electrotypograph, while technical, is a very clear, brief statement of the mechanism of this remarkable Hungarian invention. Frank J. Sprague's "Some Facts and Problems Bearing on Electric Trunk-Line Operation," is an abridgment of a paper presented before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. An admirably simple report of the principles and operation of wireless telegraphy is given by Prof. J. A. Fleming. Two papers of interest to photographers are T. W. Smillie's "Recent Progress in Color Photography," and S. R. Cajal's "Structure of Lippmann Heliochromes," the latter an investigation of interference phenomena. The contributions on zoölogy and anthropology are the most extensive. They include a summary of Gustave Loisel's exhaustive study of English, Belgian, and Dutch Zoölogical Gardens; Theodore Gill's "Systematic Zoölogy: Its Progress and Purpose"; Prof. Theobald Fischer's sketch of "The Mediterranean Peoples"; Dr. E. Baelz's "Prehistoric Japan"; Henry Balfour's detailed examination of the types and geographical distribution of the fire piston; and other papers. The volume closes with Camille Matignon's intimate sketch of Marcelin Berthelot and Edward L. Greene's memorial address on Linnæus.

The "Infantilism" of C. A. Herter (The Macmillan Co.) is a highly specialized little treatise on a curious and hitherto unknown or imperfectly recognized disease of childhood in which growth is retarded and disturbances of digestion are conspicuous. It has been possible to show that this condition depends on the persistence of bacteria more or less characteristic of infancy and on the deficient development of other bacteria commonly found in older intestines. Dr. Herter's discussion of the question is interesting, and his proposals concerning a rational therapy are full of promise.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson's volume, "Instinct and Health" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is made up of sixteen chapters on various topics related to the conduct of life. All of them have been seen in magazines or reviews of the last two or three years, and doubtless many of their readers will be glad to have them in a collected form; others may perhaps find the collection just a little cloying. The writer has a ready pen and without hesitation handles large problems in a light and easy fashion as though their solution were merely a playful exercise of intelligence. The central thought, set forth in the very first pages, but bobbing up at short intervals all through the book, seems to be that the human machine has been some twelve or thirteen million years in the making, is pretty well made, and having an extraordinary power of adjustment may be permitted in large measure to run itself. Dr. Hutchinson recognizes, however, that some guidance is necessary and gives considerable advice, often rather indefinite and vague, but on the whole sound. Unfortunately, there is a tendency to overlook what care has done for the machine and to disparage serious investigation of the conditions under which the machine works best. The teaching is largely by iteration and assertion with no marked fondness for careful argument or exact demonstration, and yet the book, while not aimed very high, ought to prove helpful to many, particularly among those to whom the literature of breakfast foods is precious, and who, in general, are keenly interested in diets.

Among the new works published by R. Oldenbourg, Berlin, two by Friedrich Ratzel command attention. One is a selection in two volumes of his minor writings, "Kleine Schriften," edited by Hans Helmolt; the other is a little book, "Uber Naturschilderung." Ratzel's contributions to ethnography and physical geography have been distinguished by an artistic handling of the material quite rare in works of science.

Oliver Wolcott Gibbs, chemist and physicist, Rumford professor emeritus at Harvard, died at Newport, R. I., December 9. He was born in this city February 21, 1822, the second son of George Gibbs, an eminent mineralogist. The boy was, besides, brought under the influence of quite another section of the intellectual world, by close family relationship with the Channings. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1841, and thereupon entered the laboratory of Dr. Robert Hare in Philadelphia. Subsequently, he enrolled himself as a student in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons; but after receiving the degree of M.D. in 1845 he went to Berlin in order to devote himself to chemistry under the great analyst, Heinrich Rose, then at the acme of his fame. He simultaneously studied mineralogy under the guidance of Rammelsberg. Subsequently, he was led by the rising star of Liebig to Giessen, there to bend his attention to that organic chemistry which was just beginning to crystallize in urea and uric acid; and then, as Victor Regnault was engaged in those determinations which have never yet been superseded, the young student betook himself to Paris. In 1849 he was appointed professor of chemistry in the Free Academy, since entitled the College of the City of New York. He was already becoming distinguished in his profession; and when, in 1853, Dr. James Renwick retired from the chair of chemistry in Columbia, Gibbs was regarded as his natural successor. But to the Board of Trustees of that day, under the presidency of Charles King, the idea of appointing a Unitarian to teach chemistry in Columbia was quite too shocking to be entertained; and Dr. Gibbs continued his work in the Free Academy for another ten years. In 1863, on the resignation of Eben N. Horsford, who had been in charge of the chemical laboratory of the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, Dr. Gibbs succeeded to the position, and became Rumford professor. His success there is shown by the great attention the contributions from that laboratory everywhere attracted, and still more positively by the number of Gibbs's students who have since received distinguished scientific honors. He made important investigations in light and heat, but his greatest triumphs were in inorganic chemistry, where he opened up new realms, so to say, particularly in reference to complex inorganic bases and acids. His work on the platinum metals is also important. He was author of numerous articles and contributions to scientific journals, as well as to the *Nation*; and he was a member of many scientific societies, American and foreign. Gibbs was not only eminent as a scientist, but he was, besides, a man of great public spirit. During the war of the rebellion, he served upon the Executive Committee of the Sanitary Commission—nobody more actively. In order to aid and supplement that work, he thought it best that the earnest supporters of the war should be able to see one another daily in a club. To that end, he called a meeting in 1863, which resolved itself into the Union League Club.

From Berlin comes the report of the death, in his seventy-eighth year, of Hugo Hertzer, former professor of mathematics at the Technische Hochschule. He was the author of "Die geometrischen Grundprinzipien der Perspective" and "Fünfstellige Logarithmentafeln."

Charles Ballet, a well-known French horticulturist, and head of Ballet Frères at Troyes, has died at the age of seventy-nine. He wrote a number of books, notably "Les Bouves poires," besides contributing to French and English journals.

Drama.

Henrik Ibsen: The Man and His Plays. By Montrose J. Moses, New York: Mitchell Kennerly. $1.50 net.

This is a comprehensive summary of a considerable body of literature on Ibsen, which will be very useful to those junior students of the Norwegian dramatist who have neither time nor opportunity to consult the original authorities. It contains a sufficiently full sketch of his life; detailed, if not always clear, synopses of his plays; a variety of selected comment and interpretation, mostly of a highly laudatory description; and a liberal proportion of the author's individual views, which, though sometimes extravagant in their enthusiasm, often evince strong common sense and a power of discrimination never found in the fanatical worshipper. Like many other disciples of Ibsen, Mr. Moses is prone to exaggerate both the achievements and the influence of the master, but he does recognize some of his limitations. Thus he insists upon the imitative qualities of Ibsen's earlier plays and points out his persistent failure, especially in the days of his youthful iconoclasm, to realize that the world he satirized acted upon theories which might be worthy of consideration, even when they differed from his own. The frequent reappearance of identical motives and personages, under slightly changed conditions, in successive plays, Mr. Moses accepts as an indication that Ibsen's power of dramatic invention was restricted. He notes also that Italy never inspired him as it did Byron, Keats, or Shelley. It is, indeed, a curious fact that the first fruit of his southern travel was "Brand," than which nothing

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could be more cruelly bleak and northern.

Only advanced Ibsenites will agree with Mr. Moses in his valuation of "A Doll's House" and the later social dramas, except with regard to their masterly construction. In this respect at least the Norwegian has equalled, if not surpassed, Scribe, Dumas (*fils*), and Sardou. Mr. Moses says that "a man who is always probing the inner crevices of conscience cannot deal with the golden crust." True, but the exploration of these filthy corners ought not to be conducted on the public stage. He calls Hedda Gabler "an aggregation of abnormal types," which practically is to admit that the piece is as futile as it is disagreeable. Elsewhere, he remarks that "Ibsen's feminine types are not normal . . . they do not exist, except when they serve the purpose of carrying Ibsen ideas." Nothing could be more accurate, but the admission is fatal to the playwright's pretensions as a realist. The truth is that he constantly assumes the part of a special pleader, inventing particular instances from which to draw general conclusions. No doubt he was zealous for truth and liberty, but he often mistook the nature of both. Mr. Moses is right in his final judgment that "The Pretenders," "Brand," and "Peer Gynt," having a larger humanity, will outlast "A Doll's House," and its successors.

The interest of this book suffers much from the author's crudities of style.

We have so often called attention to the peculiar excellence of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.'s First Folio Edition of Shakespeare, that it is scarcely needful to do more than name the three new volumes containing "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Coriolanus." For those who desire the text of the plays as it was printed in 1623, this is by far the best and handiest edition. We must specially commend again the device of printing the meaning of obsolete words in the side margin where the eye catches it without conscious direction. The editors, Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, continue to gather the same wealth of interesting material in the notes and appendices. The printing is by the De Vinne Press. Twenty volumes in all have now appeared, of the forty which are to complete the set.

The literature about Friedrich Hebbel and his position in the German drama is constantly increasing. The most voluminous of recent books in regard to him is a work of 551 pages by Achim von Winterfeld, "Friedrich Hebbel: Sein Leben und seine Werke" (Dresden: E. Pierson). There is also a new complete edition of his works, including the diaries, "Hebbels Werke und Tagebücher" (Deutsches Verlagshaus Bong & Co.). It numbers five volumes and contains a biography, an introduction, and notes by Dr. Theodor Poppe.

The Leipziger Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften has published further fragments of Menander's "Perikeiromene" found in Egypt by Dr. Zucker. There are portions of 121 verses on two pages of parchment, 73 of the verses being new and well preserved.

The London critics speak highly of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's performance of the heroine's part in "Deirdre," the one-act tragedy in verse, by W. B. Yeats, which she produced recently in the New Theatre.

Music.

Aspects of Modern Opera. By Lawrence Gilman. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Gilman's latest volume is dedicated to Ernest Newman, whom he justly calls "a critic of breadth, wisdom, and independence," and some of whose views have evidently strongly influenced him. It would have been more appropriate, however, to dedicate the work to Oscar Hammerstein, who produced Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" with such signal success in New York that this opera suddenly came into vogue in Europe, too, where it had been previously neglected, except in two or three cities. For "Pelléas et Mélisande" seems to be, in Mr. Gilman's opinion, the greatest, the most wonderful opera ever written, or, as he himself calls it, "a perfect music-drama," and the only one in existence! The book contains four chapters, entitled "The Wagnerian Aftermath," "A View of Puccini," "Strauss's 'Salome': Its Art and Its Morals," and "A Perfect Music Drama." In the first three sections many interesting observations are made regarding Wagner, Puccini, Strauss, and other composers, but before the reader reaches the middle of the book he will begin to suspect that the author is like a huge spider weaving a web around him and making him a helpless victim by the time the last chapter is reached. It is a clever example of eloquent special pleading: the endeavor of an enthusiast to show that what the Florentine originators of opera toward the close of the sixteenth century aimed at; what Gluck two centuries later formulated; what Wagner, in the second half of the nineteenth century, fondly imagined he had achieved—that all this was not actually accomplished until Debussy, at the dawn of the twentieth century, gave to the world his "epoch-making" opera.

Following the example of Mr. Newman, Mr. Gilman takes great pains to belittle Wagner's dramatic poems in comparison with his music, going so far as to make the questionable assertion that "the sincerest appreciators of his art" are beginning to admit that "as a dramatist he was insignificant and inferior." Mr. Gilman forgets that, while there are undoubtedly weak spots in these poems, they are nevertheless far superior to all other operatic librettos, including Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande," and that therefore in these days of a return to meretricious forms of operatic art on the part of the public, a critic can make himself more useful by dwelling on the beauties of Wagner's poems than on their flaws. But Wagner is not the only genius sacrificed to this Moloch. Saint-Saëns, who is, with the exception of Bizet, the most original and entertaining composer France has produced, is stigmatized as "a brain without a personality," and the other modern Frenchmen are dismissed as contemptuously, excepting Debussy and—d'Indy, a third-rate imitator of Wagner. What the author says of contemporary Germans is, however (though he should have excepted Humperdinck), unfortunately true; they have "the invariable fault of emptiness, of poverty of idea, allied with an extreme elaboration in the matter of presentation." The chapter on Puccini is excellent, though we fancy the author would have placed "Madama Butterfly" even above "Tosca" had he had the opportunity of hearing Toscanini interpret it. He notes the influence of Debussy in the "Butterfly" score, and this certainly is the best compliment ever paid Debussy. In our opinion, the work of Debussy is a mere trick of whole-tone scales and augmented chords, easily imitated and caricatured. Indeed, Debussy himself has announced that his next opera will be written in an entirely different style from that of his "Pelléas." The fortunate world, however, will always possess that one "perfect music-drama," and every lover of sincere, racy writing may read Mr. Gilman's plea for it with genuine pleasure, without endorsing a single one of his opinions.

Among books of German songs for children may be noted "Kindersang, Heimatklang" (Mainz: Joseph Scholz), a book of simple tunes, within the compass of the child's voice and so arranged by Bernhard Scholz as to be sung either alone or with one or two other voices. Ernst Liebermann has furnished delightful illustrations for this book. Another volume of children's songs, published by the same firm, is called "Weihnachtsklänge."

At present there is a good deal of "politics" in musical affairs of New York city, not only at the opera houses, where rival factions are at war, but in the concert world. An attempt is being made by some wealthy women to raise a million-dollar fund which will place the Philharmonic on the same footing as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and it is likely in any case that Gustav Mahler will succeed Wassily Safonoff next season as the conductor of this orchestra. He will give two tentative concerts with this organization next March. In the meantime a somewhat awkward situation was created by the engagement of Mahler many months ago to conduct three of the concerts of Walter Damrosch's New York Symphony Orchestra this season. If the Philharmonic project succeeds it will be difficult to maintain this other organization as a "permanent" orchestra. The players of the Symphony, therefore, have

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had no reason to feel sympathetic toward Mr. Mahler. Nevertheless, he has managed to give three of the most stirring concerts ever heard here. Even the second was superb as to the performance, but the programme was not edifying, as it contained only one number, Mahler's own second symphony, a work that lasted an hour and twenty-four minutes, although the thematic material would have hardly sufficed for a brief symphony of the pattern of Mozart, whose motto was: "Short and good is better." As Mahler has written eight long symphonies, one views his probable election as Philharmonic leader with some apprehension on this score; from every other point of view, however, it will doubtless prove a boon.

"Le Crépuscule des dieux" at the Paris Opéra shows, perhaps, the limits of the success of Wagnerian music in France, and perhaps even in all Latin countries. It need not be said that the instrumentation is technically perfect; æsthetically, the movement often leaves something to be desired. In fact, there is no sign that directors, singers, or public gather any significant story from the mythology of the piece, which to every one, so far as interest goes, is solely and simply a "Death of Siegfried." The idea of a "Twilight of the Gods" is common, and was so indeed before Wagner composed; but there is nothing in common French thought or legend or literature to enable the hearers to grasp German myths, which moreover seem to them difficult and complicated. An unpublished anecdote gives one key to the difficulty of establishing an intelligent Wagnerian cult in Paris. When Wagner in person was striving to conquer Paris, the poet Baudelaire, who was in full sympathy with the new music, was invited to hear the composer play it at the piano. Wagner began in a blue dressing gown; after a time he changed to a yellow gown, and finally to a green one. When he had finished, Baudelaire expressed very sincere satisfaction, but added diffidently that he would like to ask a question. Did the change of color in the dressing gowns symbolize anything in the music? Wagner looked sharply to see if the Frenchman were making fun of him; but, when persuaded of his good faith, he gave the explanation with much laughter. Playing so warmed him up that he had a change of gowns from heavier to lighter ready to hand; the colors were mere accident.

Art.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

A first glance at the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design gives one distinct impression which is not dispelled by closer observation. The quality which, for lack of a better word, may be called exhibitionism, is more pronounced this year than ever before. Whether consciously or unconsciously, a large number of artists are adapting their work to produce the best effect under the peculiar circumstances of light and association at an exhibition, with less regard for the disposition of their pictures afterwards. And this adaptation tends in two directions. On the one hand, the landscape painter is evidently not thinking so much of the actual scene out of doors or trying to carry the observer into the magical refuge of nature, as he is contemplating a picture in a gilt frame amidst innumerable other pictures. He works up a rich and heavy scheme of colors to something that looks like mosaic or tapestry; it is decorative or bastard antique, designed for the crowded wall and not for solitude. F. B. Williams has two notable pictures of this sort, one a view of Lledr Valley, North Wales; the other, called The Cascade, a group of three women against a swirl of water and green. Both stand out richly from among their neighbors. October, by F. De Haven, is another example of the same school, as is The White-Tide, in which Paul Dougherty has used the tapestry style for the sea. The last-named is the more remarkable, from the fact that hitherto Mr. Dougherty has painted directly and naturally.

The other tendency of exhibitionism is equally conspicuous and far more reprehensible—indeed, it would be misleading to use the word reprehensible at all of the pictures named above. This is an exaggeration of brutal strength, designed, intentionally or not, to throw a picture at the eyes, so to speak, and kill its neighbors. Such, at least, is the effect of the noisy, coarse sea-scene by F. J. Waugh, called At the Base of the Cliff, whose tumultuous lines and vivid greens work havoc with the quiet landscapes about it. Not so noisy, but instinct with the same egotistic assertiveness, is Charles Rosen's Below the Dam, showing a stream flowing down between banks of snow and ice, a cold, realistic, masterful work, which no one, we suppose, could endure to regard long in a private chamber.

As a transition from this style to the more intimate glimpses of nature should be mentioned one of the most striking pictures in the exhibition, Lillian M. Genth's Sun Maiden, which hangs directly to the left as you enter the first gallery. A nude figure stands at the edge of a pool with the shadows of leaves cast upon her. At close range the whole thing is a blotch; at a distance the work resolves into a really extraordinary composition of sun and shade and color. The water is dark but translucent, the reflections drifting across the figure are tremulous with light. The picture is still not for the parlor, but would fit nobly in some garden house or marble veranda. Two pictures in which the mottled or mosaic effect is used with moderation and which have the true invitation to nature are Cullen Yates's Glimpse of Old Ocean, a view of bare rocks, that at a little distance are strikingly firm and real, with true water at their base; and James Preston's River, as cool and clean a combination of blues and whites as nature ever produced. There is space and a touch of witchery in Mr. Preston's level scene. With these should be named a successful Winter, by Childe Hassam, which gives, apparently, a view of Fifth Avenue by the Park involved in mist and snow. Mr. Hassam knows how to use his frosty blur; it is right to add, in passing, that a considerable number of the artists represented, seeking the romantic, seem to think that poetry is smear and smudge. They should consider The River noted above.

Of pictures in the older style, which would bring the delight of nature into a private room, there are still a fair proportion. C. H. Davis's Cloudland has a beautiful fluffy sky; A. L. Groll's Passing Shower in Arizona also brings down to earth the real heavens; Arthur Parton's Moonrise shows another kind of light swirling in the clouds; Jonas Lie's Last Gleam, though somewhat in the manner of the too-bold, gives an almost shivery effect of wind over a darkening land; W. A. Coffin's Maple in Spring, if a trifle hard and thin, takes one happily out of doors. E. W. Redfield's In Port deserves special mention for its aerial perspective, carrying the eye down a line of vessels along a straight wall into the misty distance. It is a masterly piece of work, but one observes with some alarm that the artist is departing from his earlier direct style for a conscious romanticism. Quite in the old simple, honest manner is Ben Foster's Late Afternoon, which we are inclined to distinguish as the most companionable landscape in the exhibition. It shows merely a rounded hill with a meadow and curving stream in the foreground. But it is real nature, and the eye would never lose its pleasure in the light green of the field, the dark green of the hill, and the pale blue sky above.

The portraits as a whole are not so notable as the landscapes. Sargent has portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, which manifest his usual competence and directness—superb craftsmanship, which yet leaves the observer with some feeling of discontent with the art and life it exemplifies. It makes our civilization just a trifle hateful. Cecilia Beaux has a Portrait Group of two children in white, who look a little too much as if they were posing to be photographed; C. N. Flagg shows an excellent and life-like picture of the sculptor Paul Bartlett; Ellen Emmet has an admirable portrait of Mr. H. C. Perkins, in which the face stands out well from a dark background; Dimitri Romanoffski shows a touch of Whistler in his face of Mrs. Romanoffski; H. G. Cushing exhibits an astonishing bit of nacreous color in the gown of his Portrait; and Sergeant Kendall in his Mis-

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chief presents a charming nude figure of a young girl.

As a whole, the exhibition contains plenty of talent and strength; it is not equally clear that the predilection for high decorative color and naked strength is altogether promising for the future.

The sculpture this year, to its great advantage, is exhibited in the riding school next door to the Fine Arts Building, lent for the purpose by Frank Gould. Here the most striking piece is D. C. French's Melvin memorial, Mourning Victory, a noble figure half emerging from a plain surface. The lower part of the body is draped, with the drapery held up also over the head so as to throw the face in a deep shadow which adds to its visionary expression. Besides this finely poetical creation, we can mention only Lorado Taft's The Blind, remarkable for its dramatic conception, and the figures prepared for the Brooklyn Institute by Messrs. French, Heber, Adams, Bitter, Lukeman, and Cox. They are of the customary symbolic style used for architectural ornament, good work but not memorable.

The Carnegie prize of $500 for the most meritorious oil painting in the exhibition has been awarded to Henry Brown Fuller for a huge canvas, "Triumph of Truth over Error." The Thomas R. Proctor prize for the best portrait goes to C. N. Flagg for one of Paul Wayland Bartlett. To Sergeant Kendall is awarded the Isidor Memorial Medal for his Mischief, mentioned above. In sculpture the Helen Foster Barnett prize of $100 went to R. I. Aitken for a statuette, The Flames.

G. E. Stechert & Co. publish a translation by Max Meyer and Robert Morris Ogden of Adolf Hildebrand's "Problem of Form in Painting and Sculpture," a thin volume, the importance of which is out of proportion to its size. Hildebrand's ideas of what is most important in art are not altogether unlike those of Bernard Berenson, for he makes the greatest qualities of painting and sculpture what Berenson would call "space composition" and "tactile values." Herr Hildebrand, however, undertakes to show by scientific reasoning why the realization of space and three dimensional form is the aim of art, and also how this aim is to be attained. Incidentally, his argument goes to show that certain characteristics of sculpture in relief or in the round which seem dependent upon the nature of the material used, and which, historically, may have had their origin in the necessities of material, are in reality based on philosophical principles of general applicability. "The properties of the material," he says, "compel the artist to adapt himself to a different mode of treatment in order to meet artistic requirements whose origin is quite independent of the material." His last chapter, on "Sculpture in Stone," is a plea for work conceived and executed in the stone itself, rather than translated from the clay model, on the ground that in such direct carving the exigencies of material and process tend of themselves to produce a style in consonance with the principles he advocates, while the natural tendency of modelling in clay is to produce a result antagonistic to these principles. In the one case the material fights for the artist, in the other against him. It is doubtful if modern conditions will ever permit of much work being done in this manner, but no intelligent sculptor, or for that matter no painter who cares for the noble and monumental in art, can read this little treatise without some stimulation of his faculties and clarification of his ideas.

Very different, and even more German, is the ponderous book, "Modern Art," by Julius Meier-Graefe, translated by Florence Simmons and George W. Chrystal (G. P. Putnam's Sons). One would wish to be quite fair to this "Contribution to a New System of Æsthetics," but is met by the initial difficulty of understanding what the author means. The fault is probably in part that of the translators, who make a jargon that can scarcely be called English of what one imagines must have been incomprehensible enough even in the original. Now and then in the chaos of words one seems to catch an idea by the tail, but one can never hold it long. In dealing with Ingres or with Puvis de Chavannes, the author almost convinces one of his sanity, but the next moment he is solemnly analyzing or extravagantly praising one of the worst aberrations of contemporary painting or sculpture. It is only the general drift of the book that one can be sure of. The author's notion seems to be that there is no modern art but the ultra modern, and that the wildest vagaries of men who died in lunatic asylums or by their own hands are to be accepted and explained as the logical and necessary expression of their epoch. If it were not for certain works recently seen in Paris—things too "modern" to be dealt with even in this very up-to-date book—it would be difficult to imagine anything more degenerate than many of the works here reproduced. If they are really representative of the spirit of the age, the commentary on the age is a sad one.

In his "Führer durch die Alte Pinakothek" (Munich: Süddeutsche Monatshefte) Karl Voll aims, with rare success, to impart information about the pictures in the great Bavarian gallery, so that the reader will be encouraged to use his own judgment and helped to think intelligently. The guidebook mentions only noteworthy canvases and uses them as texts for little talks on art history, technique, and criticism. Preserving a general historical scheme, the author dexterously interweaves appreciations and intimacies. There is all the wealth of well-sifted facts which one would expect from the former conservator of the Alte Pinakothek.

The exhibition of contemporary German art at the Metropolitan Museum will open January 4.

The second annual exhibition of advertising art will be held at the National Arts Club in this city January 5 to 21.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are colored engravings, by S. Arlandt Edwards, at Wunderlich's; paintings of Holland and France, Frank Townsend Hutchins, at Fishel, Adler & Schwartz's, till December 19; religious paintings, Henry O. Tanner, American Art Galleries, December 24; original drawings by noted American and English illustrators, Ernest Dressel North's, December 24; pictures, Childe Hassam, Montross's, December 26.

At the Henry Say sale in Paris, November 30, 280,000 francs was paid by T. Agnew & Sons of London for Lancret's La Ronde Champêtre.

At the meeting of the American Institute of Architects in Washington on December 15, the gold medal of the Institute was awarded to Charles F. McKim of this city.

Finance.

TO INVESTIGATE THE EXCHANGES.

Gov. Hughes's appointment of a committee to investigate the alleged abuses in the operations of the Stock Exchange and similar organizations, is both timely and wise. It is timely because the existence of what is tantamount to fictitious trading, on a large scale, has been repeatedly asserted by critics of the Stock Exchange, and because the recent report of the special committee of the Stock Exchange itself did not, as was generally expected, deal in a thorough way with this subject. The Governor's step is wise, because it obviates the danger that the Legislature might name a committee with the purpose of hostile agitation only. The matter is undeniably delicate. It deeply concerns financial interests because it has to do with the genuineness of the transactions and the quoted values on which investors in securities, and merchants dealing in commodities, base their calculations of profit or loss. Clearly, if evils have arisen in the machinery of such markets, and if the validity of such quotations is open to doubt, the matter should be examined by men who are not only impartial, but competent and conservative. These requirements have been abundantly met by the Governor in his selection of the committee.

What are the conditions which the committee is called upon to investigate? We shall consider for the moment only the Stock Exchange, because it is on that institution that the charges have chiefly converged. The most serious assertions are: first, that large capitalists have repeatedly used the facilities of that Exchange to create a semblance of abnormal activity by giving out simultaneously buying and selling orders, in the same stocks; second, that they have used the same machinery of "matched orders" to produce the appearance of a violent rise or violent decline in prices, their agents being carefully instructed to effect these transactions, so far as possible, merely through sales to one another. It is alleged that such practices have become part and parcel

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of nearly all the Stock Exchange "bull movements" of the past few years. The belief is widespread that there are well-known experts in Stock Exchange manipulation who are employed for that service and no other; and that the distinct purpose of the manœuvre is to deceive the investing public into a belief that the market is strong and real buying enormous, when, as a matter of fact, the authors of the scheme know that prices have already risen too high, and are "unloading" their own stocks on the deluded public.

As a matter of fact, the Stock Exchange, in its constitution and in its disciplinary practices, asserts and has repeatedly exercised the right of expelling members found guilty "of any conduct or proceeding inconsistent with just and equitable principles of trade." This language is certainly broad enough to cover such performances as we have referred to above. The Stock Exchange governors did take action, for example, only lately, in the notorious case of A. O. Brown & Co. After an exhaustive hearing, the members of that firm were expelled on two grounds: first, that they had "undertaken to impart to the market, to the great injury of investors, holders, and dealers in securities, untrue and fictitious evidence of demoralization and panic, by creating the appearance of a great liquidation and sale of securities, all of which, as a matter of fact, proceeded from themselves"; second, that "knowing their own financial condition to be critical," they "gave to their fellow-members of the Stock Exchange a vast number of orders for the purchase and sale of an enormous amount of securities," thus creating obligations which they could not meet. The case was seemingly in point; but even the Stock Exchange admitted unofficially that the offending members were in reality expelled for trading when they were insolvent—which was certainly a serious abuse of their Stock Exchange privileges, but not altogether the abuse to which public attention has been drawn. The questions therefore which Gov. Hughes's committee will have to ask are: Have the Stock Exchange authorities used their abundant powers so as to prevent those evils; and if not, then what safeguards can be thrown around the investors by the State?

The real gist of the matter may be learned by observing the present Stock Exchange market, and by reading the comments on it of well-informed critics. It may be well also to recall the testimony submitted only a few weeks ago in the Morse trial, showing from the record the most brazen "washing" of Ice shares on the Stock Exchange. Morse repeatedly figured as both buyer and seller for enormous amounts, which almost exactly balanced. Moreover, the subscription by a syndicate, in 1901, of $25,000,000 cash for no other apparent purpose than to create an artificial and in effect fictitious Stock Exchange market for the newly-listed United States Steel shares, was itself a basis for reasonable suspicion. These are the episodes and practices which will engage the attention of the committee. It is time that light should be thrown on all of them, and that we should learn how they are to be dealt with hereafter.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anson, William R. The Law and Custom of the Constitution. Vol. II. The Crown. Part II. Henry Frowde. $3.40 net.

Aubin, Eugène. La Perse d'aujourd'hui: Iran, Mésopotamie. Paris: Armand Colin.

Baker, Alfred. The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman (Inventor of Phonography). Isaac Pitman & Sons. $2 net.

Braithwaite, William Stanley. The Book of Georgian Verse. Brentano's.

Brückner, A. A Literary History of Russia. Scribner. $4.

Cheyney, Edward P. Readings in English History Drawn from the Original Sources. Ginn & Co. $1.80.

Chums, or An Experiment in Economics. By D. R. C. Edited and published by Gertrude Ogden Tubby, 7 West Forty-second Street. $1.25.

Clare, John. Poems. Edited by Arthur Symons. Henry Frowde.

Clarke, John M. Sketches of Gaspé. Albany: J. B. Lyon.

Crichfield, George W. American Supremacy: The Rise and Progress of the Latin-American Republics. 2 vols. Brentano's.

Dawson, William Harbutt. The Evolution of Modern Germany. Scribner. $4 net.

Defoe, Daniel. Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

La Farge, John. The Higher Life in Art: A Series of Lectures on the Barbizon School of France. McClure Co.

Filippi, Filippo de. Ruwenzori: An Account of the Expedition of H.R.H. Prince Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi. E. P. Dutton. $8 net.

Flack, Horace Edgar. The Adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $2.

Gems of Thought. Katonah, N. Y.: Henry B. Damon.

Hoyt, Charles Oliver. Studies in the History of Modern Education. Silver, Burdett.

Iles, Frances Rawlins. Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Jekyll, Gertrude. Children and Gardens. Scribner. $2 net.

Jewish Fairy Tales. By Aunt Naomi. Bloch Publishing Co.

Lowell, Percival. Mars as the Abode of Life. Macmillan.

MacFadyen, Allan. The Cell as the Unit of Life, and Other Lectures. Edited by R. Tanner Hewlett. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $3 net.

Mach, Edmund von. The Art of Painting in the Nineteenth Century. Ginn & Co.

Madison, James. Writings. Edited by Gaillard Hunt. Vol. VIII. Putnam.

Metropolitan Museum of Art. Catalogue of the Collection of Casts. Printed for the Museum.

McGhee, Zach. The Dark Corner. Grafton Press.

Mitchell, James Clayton. Character: Some Talks to Young Men. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs.

Moulton, Louise Chandler. Poems and Sonnets. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Oehlschlaeger, Christian Jonathan. A Song of Faith. Cochrane Publishing Co.

Oxford Hymn Book. Henry Frowde.

Paganele, Spyridonos. Apo tes Akropoleos eis ten Altin. New York: The Atlantis.

Parker, Lester Shepard. Nancy MacIntyre: A Tale of the Prairies. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.

Penn and Religious Liberty. Interpreted by Representatives of Sixteen Denominations. Philadelphia.

Pereda, José M. de. Pedro Sánchez. Edited by Ralph Emerson Bassett. Ginn & Co. $1.

Peyton, John Howe. The American Transportation Problem. Louisville: Courier-Journal Job Printing Co.

Phelps, Edward Bunnell. A Statistical Study of Infant Mortality. Reprinted from the Quarterly Publications of the American Statistical Association.

Potter, Thomas. Concrete: Its Uses in Building from Foundations to Finish. D. Van Nostrand. $3 net.

Renshaw, Graham. Animal Romances. London: Sherratt & Hughes.

Ritchie, Lady. Blackstick Papers. Putnam. $1.75 net.

Royal Historical Society Transactions. Third Series. Vol. II. London: Offices of the Society.

Ryder, Robert O., and Westerman, Harry J. Some Further Observations of The Young Lady Across the Way. Columbus: Ohio State Journal. 50 cents.

Sabatier, Paul. Modernism. The Jowett Lectures, 1908. Translated by C. A. Miles. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Sampter, J. E. The Great Adventurer. Robert Kerr Press.

Schlapp, George. Erzählende Dichtungen: Gedichte und Aphorismen. Milwaukee: C. N. Caspar Co. $1.50 net.

Shakespeare. Old-Spelling Edition. Edited by F. J. Furnivall. As You Like It; Taming of the Shrew. Duffield & Co. $1.

Simkhovitch, Vladimir G. Marxism Versus Socialism. II. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Smith, Arthur D. Howden. Fighting the Turk in the Balkans: An American's Adventures with the Macedonian Revolutionists. Putnam. $1.75 net.

Smith, Percy J. Lettering and Writing: A Series of Alphabets and Their Decorative Treatment. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Smithsonian Institution. Annual Report. 1907, Washington: Government Printing Office.

Snyder, Harry. Human Foods and Their Nutritive Value. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Spillane, Edward P. Life and Letters of Henry Van Rensselaer, Priest of the Society of Jesus. Fordham University Press.

State Board of Tax Commissioners. Annual Report. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.

Stedman, Edmund Clarence. Poems. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

Sudermann, Hermann. John the Baptist: A Play. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. John Lane. $1.50 net.

Swank, James M. Progressive Pennsylvania: A Record of the Remarkable Industrial Development of the Keystone State. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $5.

Tanner, Emmeline M. The Renaissance and the Reformation: A Text-Book of European History, 1494-1610. Henry Frowde.

Tennyson, Alfred Lord. Works. Vols. V. and VI. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Terry, Ellen. The Story of My Life: Recollections and Reflections. McClure Co.

Thoma, Hans. Im Herbste des Lebens: Gesammelte Erinnerungsblätter. Munich: Süddeutsche Monatshefte.

Thoreau, Henry David. Bibliography. Compiled by Francis H. Allen. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

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Watson, Maryland. Destiny and Desire: Poems Passionate and Perverse. Casino Publishing Co.
Watteau's Drawings. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Weitenkampf, Frank. How to Appreciate Prints. Moffat. $1.50 net.
Whitcomb, Ida Prentice. Young People's Story of Music. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
White, Fred M. The Sundial. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1.50.
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